



*Drawn & Engraved by J. Wright*



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# HOBBY HORSES,

*A Poetic Allegory,*

IN

FIVE PARTS.

BY JENKIN JONES.

*Custom Notes*

" I WILL DRAW MY UNCLE TOBY'S CHARACTER  
FROM HIS HOBBY HORSE—THERE IS NOTHING  
SO FIT TO DRAW SUCH A THING WITH, AS THAT  
WHICH I HAVE PITCHED UPON."

STERNE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR M. ALLEN, NO. 15, PATERNOSTER-RROW.

*This must have been written  
about 1798*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE Author begs leave to return his best thanks for the very liberal patronage with which this undertaking has been honored, and to assure his Subscribers that the long postponement of the publication has arisen from delays on his part unavoidable.

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### ERRATA.

Page 76, Line 6, for S—d—g, read S—d—y.

Page 128, Note, for Vertutas, read Vetustas.



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# DEDICATION

TO

*WILLIAM CABELL, Esq.*

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DEAR SIR,

IF the gratitude of the obliged is only to be estimated by his ability to make a suitable return for all his obligations; if the value of a friend is to be appreciated in proportion to the long experience of his friendship, then am I a most unworthy ingrate, and you a most sincere and valuable friend.

'Tis but an inconsiderable token of respect to offer you the following Poem, unattended as it is by those marks of public favor which can alone stamp consequence on any literary undertaking.



It would certainly have been paying you a worthier compliment, to have requested your acceptance of a work which had been previously honored with some marks of public approbation. But in running such a risk, I might perhaps have forfeited an opportunity of acknowledging how much I am indebted to your friendship.

To offer you my Poem in its present state, is like appointing you the guardian of a child that has not yet obtained permission to continue in existence. —But I had rather you should hear one lip of its infantine thankfulness before it dies, than that it should grow up ungratefully to full maturity in the neglect of paying you so just a tribute of acknowledgment.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Nephew,

And obliged humble Servant,

JENKIN JONES.

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## P R E F A C E.

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SOME may think the publication of a Bagatelle like this requires an apology.

I shall only say in my defence, that I consider public favour as a Lottery containing a variety of prizes, and that all who have the means to buy a ticket should possess full liberty to try their fortunes.

I have selected the following Poem for the purchase of my chance, and chiefly from the opinion that there is some degree of novelty.

attached to such an undertaking, a plea which in these days appears to meet with due consideration.

The idea is certainly not new. The subject has been slightly glanced at, but has never yet been handled in a general way.

It still remains unfinished. I shall be glad to find the present humble undertaking act like a beacon, to engage the notice of an abler master.

I shall be pleased to see the present rough unfinished sketch made perfect in the picture of a better artist.

Could I select a man for such a work, so arduous as it is; so comprehensive, curious, and interesting, it should be one with talents universal as his theme.



One “*qui mores hominum multorum vidit,*” who had observed the different manners of men with the penetration of Ulysses, and who could record them with the knowledge of Verulam, the harmony of Pope, the wit of Swift, and the originality of Butler.

“One that should go about to write a history of the vagaries of the human mind, would not fail of matter in memoirs so copious and fruitful.”

The subject opens to the widest field of philosophical and moral disquisition: it unlocks all the springs of knowledge, and lets loose all the fertilizing fluices of instruction. It draws down in its comprehensive vortex the consideration of every thing that stands connected with the human mind.

The execution of so arduous a task is badly suited to an unexperienced mind, and calls for more than juvenile ability.

Therefore the little I have done will only serve to point out, like an index, all that might and should have been performed.

Some there are, perhaps, who in the following pages may meet with matter of offence.

Upon such an occasion as the present, the man who has no scruple to avow his real sentiments, must stand prepared to meet the penalties of private odium.

The many-headed subject wears some aspects, which to many eyes may seem deformed and disagreeable; and as it speaks in a variety of voices, must sometimes utter sounds

that grate discordant on the ears of individuals.

In depreciating the pursuits which others value, we cannot speak to them in those assuasive strains of eloquence and adulation, which first allured them to the choice, and then confirmed them in the predilection of their habits.

There is no music in the voice, and no conciliation in the phrase, which censures.

Why the opinions of some men are found to be so opposite to those of others, I can in some degree imagine. But why it should by some be thought a crime to contradict the tenets of another, I cannot quite so easily conceive.

I do therefore intreat and expect that when I am found to differ widely in opinion with a



man upon the subject of his pleasures and amusements, that it may be entirely imputed by him to want of taste, or insufficiency of judgment.

There are some with whose opinions I am bound to disagree.

Intelligent, sagacious, shrewd, and learned as they are, I should have felt my understanding highly flattered, could I have united in their sentiments. But as it is, I must submit to the reproach which such a difference of thinking carries with it.

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# HOBBY HORSES.

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## PART I.

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OFT when the bosom glows with wild desire,  
And flatt'ring fancy fans the rising fire;  
When self-opinion with seducing phrase,  
To conscious merit whispers conscious praise;  
When fierce ambition lights her glorious flame,  
Inspires bold hopes, and proudly points to fame,  
Nature's kind hints are gratefully receiv'd,  
And each light whim, a genius is believ'd.  
Parents too soon their fond attention turn,  
The early bias of our minds to learn,

And with an ill-judg'd tenderneſs fulfil  
 The peeviſh wants of an imperious will.  
 Thus more ſtrange fancies ſtock an Engliſh head,  
 Than e'er the brains of other nations bred.  
 This, foreign wits have whiſper'd, but I truſt  
 Their doctrine is more general than juſt.  
 Man is the ſame in ev'ry clime and ſtate,  
 Few are his virtues, and his faults are great :  
 In all, one grand ſimilitude we find,  
 One univerſal law directs the mind :  
 To good, and bad, in various ſhapes belong,  
 A natural propenſity to wrong.  
 But, as in human nature's countleſs ſwarms,  
 We never meet two correſponding forms,  
 Never—compare them nicely, frame with frame,  
 There never were two beings *quite* the ſame.  
 As then, in human forms we never ſee  
 Two, that in all particulars agree,  
 So ev'n in human minds there are not two,  
 Which yield a *perfect* *likeness* to our view.

Where is the man, whose mind can comprehend  
 Of nature's works, this great mysterious end ;  
 Or trace that grand inexplicable plan,  
 Begun in brute, continu'd up to man ?  
 Had man that genius so acutely fine  
 To trace of all events the vast design,  
 High Heav'n's mysterious attributes to know,  
 And all creation's hidden springs to show ;  
 If man had pow'rs so infinitely great,  
 Himself a God, might other worlds create.  
 But see how poor a wretch he is, how blind !  
 The Sun of Science, dawns not on his mind :  
 Surrounded with impenetrable shade,  
 He seeks for causes ne'er to be display'd,  
 And, all his days in painful studies past,  
 Dies in a state of ignorance at last.

Some wretches shut their eyes to reason's light,  
 Their evil habits wantonly invite,  
 To headstrong passions yield without remorse,  
 Call each prevailing whim, their HOBBY HORSE.

And screen'd beneath the sanction of that name,  
 Freely indulge their vices without shame.  
 Ask you the grave the reason they have err'd,  
 They claim protection from that magic word,  
 Exert no art the growing ill to crush,  
 And own their Fooleries without a blush.  
 Some men are never off their horses backs,  
 And shortly drudge them into common hacks.  
 Nor do the ladies scorn with these to side,  
 They all keep Hobbies, and as hard can ride.  
 The fair inconstant, keeps a skittish pet,  
 A flirting, flaunting filley, call'd *coquette*.  
 Fastidious Prudes, on *Spleen's* black palfrey vault,  
 Chaste to a proverb, virtuous to a fault,  
 Reserv'd, demure, dissocial, fullen, sly,  
 Scorn in their sneers, and malice in their eye,  
 Still in extremes, too talkative, too mute,  
 Shy to converse, but eager to dispute.  
 'Twas at a green-tea feast, for triumphs won  
 O'er reputations Envy had undone.



A *special* gossiping committee met,  
 A noisy, captious, prudish, wrinkled set.  
 Their destin'd victim, was a beauteous dame,  
 And all prepar'd to violate her fame,  
 When lo, a friend to innocence appear'd,  
 The charge refuted, and her honor clear'd.  
 The stand'rous quorum thus in vain conven'd,  
 Amaz'd, confus'd, confounded and chagrin'd,  
 A more domestic theme of scandal chose,  
 All met good friends, but parted deadly foes.  
 " I," cried Euphemia, " little could suspect  
 A *certain person* of a sad defect.  
 But now from good authority I learn  
 That *I know who* has taken a bad turn.  
 I lov'd Miss Tibby Tweezer, thought her chaste,  
 Admir'd the tapering circles of her waist,  
 The true to *Kalon*, once, of female dress,  
 " Fine by degrees and beautifully less,"  
 Which flat'ring tribute of ingenious praise,  
 Proves satire, when applied to modern stays.

Ladies, I know the captain of a ship  
 Who to the Western Indies took a trip.  
 Meantime, this foolish fashion first took rise  
 And his wife follow'd it—"more fool than wife."  
 The man came home, all spirits, health, and life,  
 And rode away post haste to meet his wife,  
 —He went to throw his arms around that waist  
 Whose lovely form he once with joy embrac'd,  
 When lo, she had no waist; and so—I 'feck  
 He had to throw his arms around her neck."  
 Here Kathleen cry'd, with an ironic sneer,  
 "I hate these *married* anecdotes to hear.  
 Deuce take your long digressions." "Deuce take  
 you."

"Fie ladies, fie Euphemia, fie Miss Prue,  
 Resume the story of our neighbour's shame,  
 Has she not done "a deed without a name?"  
 "Yes, be it spoke with honest blushing scorn,  
 She once allow'd a man—to cut her corn."  
 "She, let a man!—since I left off my bib,  
 I never heard a more atrocious fib.

I think some folks should learn to hold their peace.

'Tis not so much because the girl's my niece,

But Miss I must beg leave to set you right,

She cut her corns herself last Sunday night."

" Now pray don't be too positive of this,

I'll take my Bible-oath, 'twas Monday, *Miss!*"

" Nay, you're both wrong," cried Jane, " pray  
let me speak,

I'll swear she cut her corns last Tuesday week."

" Some folks in obstinate mistakes persist.

I know the night. I took her hand at whist.

'Twas Tibby's deal—she left it in the dumps,

I dealt the cards myself, and clubs were trumps,

'Twas five and forty minutes then past six,

I trump'd the second round, I ruff'd three tricks;

Last Wednesday night I mark'd the double game,

'Twas then she cut them—Dido knows the same."

" No Marianne, I scorn to contradict,

'Twas Thursday, for that night my thumb I prick'd."

“ ’Twas Friday, Ladies,” interrupted Peg,  
That night I got a scald upon my leg.”

“ Faith friends, you’re all deceiv’d,” cry’d Patty  
Pout,

“ I know ’twas Saturday beyond all doubt,  
I *keeps* a journal, how I *spends* my days,  
I *writes* down ev’ry thing I *does* and *says* ;  
Records *Phenomeno’s* when they appear,  
When I *buys* snuff, and when I *brews* small beer,  
When my cat kittens, when my lap-dog pups ;  
At what friend’s house I *dines*, and where I *supps*,  
What cash I *wins* at cards, and what I *lends*,  
And what on public charities I *spends*.

By these accounts I never *fails* to know  
How the world wags, and all these matters go ;  
Ladies put on your spectacles, and look,  
’Twas Saturday, ’tis noted in my book.  
On that same night I lost a bran new clog,  
And Billy Bobbins beat Doll Dowdy’s dog.”



In contradiction thus the night was spent,  
 Each prude was spiteful to her heart's content,  
 All vex'd, yet pleas'd : each gain'd her fav'rite end,  
 Enjoy'd her quarrel, and abus'd her friend.

Some laughter-loving nymphs, all mirth and glee,  
 Indulge a boundless love for *Repartee*,  
 Oft for derision their best friends propose,  
 Yet most to ridicule themselves expose.  
 With dubious phrase the double meaning frame,  
 Expose the object, but conceal the name :  
 While some despise these jokes, obscenely low,  
 Affect gay *Raillery* and chaste *Bon Mot*.  
 Ye pert young wags, who watch with critic care  
 To catch each lapsus in a punning snare,  
 Who in your puns on manners, things, and men,  
 For one good joke you utter, murder ten,  
 Learn to renounce the rustic hackneyed jest,  
 Pure wit to language gives the finest zest,  
*False-wit's* an ill-bred, stumbling, stupid dolt,  
*True-wit* a vig'rous, fleet, full blooded colt,

And would you mount him, shun those spurious jades  
*Conundrums, Quibbles, Riddles, and Charades.*

Now the Romantic dame her feat assumes  
On a white charger deck'd with fable plumes,  
Moves thro' the tournament where triumphs sound  
And beats th' enamell'd turf of fairy ground.

When the magician's talisman is found  
And the black Castle sinks into the ground,  
When the fierce Griffin having done his most  
Dying gives up a *necromantic* ghost ;  
The spell dissolves in thunder ! light'ning flies !  
Nymphs start from magic sleep, and rub their eyes,  
Fly to the dungeon, where in doleful plight  
Lies many a gallant, torpid, lovesick Knight.

Three “ *open sesame*\* ” unbolt the door,  
And three times thrice a voice cries “ sleep no more.”  
Rous'd at the welcome sound, they start awake,  
Kick all their shackles off, their handcuffs break,  
Unsheath their swords, and rushing from their cells  
Fall at the feet of their beloved girls.

\* Vid. Arab. Nights.

Now with becoming grace, each courteous Miss,  
 Gives her true Knight a lovely hand to kiss.  
 But true Knights think this cold caress too weak,  
 So print ten thousand kisses on the cheek,  
 'Till growing by degrees more fondly bold,  
 Close to their hearts the blushing nymphs they fold.  
 Nought now remains to do before they wed,  
 But just to sliver off some giant's head.  
 Inscribe the tyrant's name upon a scroll,  
 And stick it, with his head, upon a pole.  
 Then, all their dangers, all their sufferings past,  
 They marry, and live happy to the last.  
 Thus *Chivalry's* fair devotee delights  
 To succour weeping dames and injur'd Knights,  
 Strengthens the feeble, overpowers the strong,  
 Resists all tyranny, and rights all wrong.

Ye valiant nymphs of whom 'tis understood  
 Your only rage is that of doing good,  
 If you must fight the wretched to befriend,  
 Trust me your warlike deeds shall have no end.

Within the *confines* of this little Isle,  
 Lies many a wretched Knight in durance vile.  
 Go, if with *good adventures* you would meet,  
 Besiege the Marshalsea, and storm the Fleet.  
 Let me for once persuade you to suppose  
 Each host of constables a troop of foes,  
 The tipstaff's wife as genuine a witch,  
 As ever gather'd hemlock from a ditch ;  
 The jailors, giants fifteen cubits high,  
 And all the turnkeys evil genii.  
 Would you this host of enemies disperse,  
 Attack their forces with an open purse,  
 Summon the debtors, all their bills discharge,  
 And set the weeping prisoners at large.

Devoted to the pleasures of the dance,  
 An airy cap'ring sprightly groupe advance,  
 Forth to the field their gamesome fillies lead,  
 Of different figures, and as various speed,  
 Some walk slow *Minuet* and some more brisk,  
 On *Jig*, *Gavot*, and *Hornpipe*, nimbly frisk,



The mountain nymphs fantastically gay  
 On grand *Pas Russe* their sportive gambols play :  
 Trick'd with new talents of instruction come,  
 Sociably mute and eloquently dumb,  
 In antic phrase a still communion seek,  
 And with emphatic gestures learn to speak.  
 Too much I own they play the *Balliades* \*  
 And sometimes speak what we should blush to hear.  
 When their incentive attitudes enforce,  
 Infidious love's libidinous discourse,  
 Their feeling looks with strong expression fraught,  
 Reflect each image of empaffioned thought,  
 In flame the blood, intoxicate the sight,  
 And wild tumultuous trembling hopes excite. †

\* For an account of the *Balliades* see the Abbé Raynal's *History of the Indies*.

These female dancers pay very little regard to modesty even in public.

TRANSLATOR'S *Note*.

† Les danses sont presque toutes des pantomimes d'amour : le plan, le dessein, les attitudes, les mesures, les

In beauteous Corida, around whose form  
 The loves, the muses, and the graces swarm,  
 That happy plastic excellence we find  
 To paint each strugg'ling conflict of the mind.  
 Now in her grand majestic march is seen  
 The solemn pomp of Jove's imperious queen.  
 Now in her livelier step and softened state  
 Idalia's mark'd, peculiar, well known gait \*,  
 Now in her sprightly undulating pace,  
 Euphrosyne's inexplicable grace;

les sons, et les cadence de ces ballets, tout respire cette  
 passion, et en exprime les voluptés et les fureurs.

*Raynal, Vol. 2. Page 34.*

The action of the pulse beats to the lascivious move-  
 ment of the jig—their quivering, warm-breath'd sighs  
 impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes elec-  
 trical to love, and each amorous spark darts through  
 every link of the chain.

*The Rivals.*

\* Vera incessu patuit Dea. *Virgil.*

Now a new change, as beautiful we see,  
 " The station of the Herald Mercury,"  
 Now either arm she gracefully extends,  
 Temptingly prone, her panting bosom bends,  
 While by this tender site, there seems express'd  
 A wish to die upon her lover's breast.

Now in a quick revolving sphere she whirls,  
 The short loose robe each floating fold unfurls,  
 Swoln to the breeze, it rises as she wheels,  
 And not one beauty from the sight conceals ;  
 While like a peg-top, spinning on her toe,  
 She charms th'amati crowd of critics row.  
 And when on high (*suspended upon strings*)  
 Cupids in covies flap their wanton wings,  
 Her fascinating *exhibitions* prove  
 The triumph, and the *Telegraph* of love :  
 A new Timotheus in her skill is found,  
 And she's to gesture, what he was to found.

At gay fifteen the lively Romp disclaims  
 Frocks, schools, tasks, rods, wax dolls, and skittish  
 games,

Directs her aim to pleasures more refin'd,  
 And only seeks amusement for the mind.  
 New schemes of happiness her thoughts employ  
 And Reading proves the source of all her joy.  
 Th'Arabian Nights, the Fairy Tales, Gil Blas,  
 Clarissa, Grandison, and Pamela,  
 In turns the damsel for her fav'rite owns,  
 At length she deigns to venture on Tom Jones.  
 This ramble proves more pleasing than the rest,  
 Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* then seems best,  
 'Till now exalted o'er those narrow lines  
 Where prejudice her sickly slave confines,  
 She frames her course to Shandy's bolder height,  
 And soars above the reach of vulgar flight,  
 Too little understood ! too seldom read !  
 Where is the gen'rous taste of letters fled ?  
 Shall some light faults, ye captious critics say,  
 A mighty load of massy worth outweigh ?  
 Is there no medium in the candid mind,  
 Can moderation no fair balance find ?

The S in Gil Blas should be pronounced  
 but would not disagree with Shandy



When ye the merits of a work would learn,  
 Why do ye thus all rules of justice spurn?  
 Indeed ye fall on very honest means,  
 To try *one heart*—a jury of *twelve spleens*.

In Yorick's heart meek Mercy rear'd her throne;  
 On him the softest beams of feeling shone;  
 Nature to all he wrote asserts her claim,  
 And glows with pride at her Le Fever's name.  
 'Twas she that gave his Shandy manly sense,  
 Science and satire, wit and eloquence:  
 At her kind bosom was his Toby nurs'd;  
 The milk of human kindness quench'd his thirst;  
 And the redundant streams that dropp'd from him  
 Foster'd the generous heart of faithful Trim.

Some for *Romance* a sov'reign taste acquire,  
 The circulating jades of public hire,  
 For these have numbers, stands, and stated fares,  
 Like hackney coaches, porters, boats, and chairs.  
 Misled by these, upon the world she looks  
 Thro' the false microscope of modern books,

And, gazing thro' this wild chimeric mean,  
 Gilds every prospect, heightens ev'ry scene,  
 Looks with disdain at nature's common lot,  
 And heaves a sigh for "man as he is not."

Too much abounds, in this romantic age,  
 The horrid tale, and fear-inspiring page;  
 The noxious draughts from terror's poison'd bowl,  
 Shake the firm nerve, emasculate the soul,  
 The deadly bloit of prejudice impart,  
 And nip the fairest blossoms of the heart.  
 View the fair slave of these unworthy fears;  
 A weakness grafted, on her infant years,  
 Remains, alas, thro' life a fatal curse,  
 The work of some old *story-telling* nurse.  
 She, when of all society bereft,  
 To silent midnight meditation left,  
 Heaves a deep sigh, exhales a piteous moan,  
 And trembles thus to find herself alone.  
 She now resolves to reason, bolder grows,  
 And wrestles with the fiend of her repose.

She resolutely dares the bell to ring,  
 Looks round, coughs quite out loud, and tries to sing,  
 Stalks to her harpsichord, unfolds the book,  
 And has the impudence to play Malbrook.

When, lo ! with sudden jerk the jack-line breaks,  
 Down falls the weight, the whole apartment shakes:  
 Alarm'd, she starts, and creeping to the door,  
 Hears the wind murmur, and the torrent pour.  
 Sooth'd by these well-known sounds, her fears dis-

perse;

Once more she doubts the doctrines of her nurse ;  
 Resumes the thread of argument again—

“ What ghost would venture out in all this rain ?

None that had common sense ; no prudent sprite  
 Would brave the storms of this inclement night.

But why should I, by spectres be pursu'd ?

Why on my ear should midnight groans intrude ?

I never harm'd a ghost—and O, far less !

Have I the strength to minister redress.

No ; let their plaints to fages be preferr'd ;  
 They fhall be there with ftouc calmnefs heard :  
 Let them to tough-nerv'd warriors appear ;  
 By thefe they may be feen devoid of fear :  
 Let our intrepid foldiers do them right ;  
 Their glory and their duty is to fight ;  
 'Tis the firft joy of their exiftence made ;  
 Their food, their clothes, their *hobby-horfe*, their  
 trade.

For me, I beg the bufinefs to decline ;  
 To deal in fpirits is not in my line."  
 This having faid ſhe blocks the door with chairs,  
 Defies the devil, and repeats her prayers.  
 But now with prefcient chirp the cricket comes,  
 The raven croaks, the drowfy beetle hums ;  
 Shrill whoops the folemn, melancholy owl ;  
 The faithful watch-dog gives a fudden howl ;  
 With winding ſheets the taper ſcares her view,  
 The caſtle clock ſtrikes one, the fire burns blue,  
 A red-hot coffin lies upon her lap,  
 And on her neck ſhe feels a fudden *tap* ;



No more her smiting knees their burden bear ;  
 Half dead with fear, she drops into a chair ;  
 Her blood congeals, her joints are all unstrung,  
 Her teeth usurp the office of her tongue ;  
 Quick palpitations shake her trembling heart,  
 Her knotty and combined ringlets part,  
 Their spiral convolutions straight unbend,  
 All grow *particular*, and stand on end—  
 Stand—like the porcupine's erected quills—  
 Fear's exhaled dew her pale cheek chills ;  
 She shrieks, she swoons ! and now with well-tim'd fits  
 Preserves the shatter'd remnant of her wits.

Trick'd with the tinsel trappings of the mode,  
 Our *fashion-hunters* take the public road :  
 A most ignoble fav'rite they possess ;  
 Their only *hobby* seems a love of dress.

One lovely *Ariella* rules the town,  
 Commands the bonnet, and prescribes the gown ;  
 She keeps the mimic multitude in awe ;  
 Her will reigns absolute ; her choice is law :

Not ev'n her looks unborrow'd can escape ;  
 Her very voice, her walk, and talk, they ape ;  
 Of their own judgments take a final leave,  
 And pin their taste on her fantastic sleeve.

Three belles there are, who always walk alone,  
 Unknown to all, yet generally known :  
 All to the transient mode correctly drest,  
 And all the public lounges they infest.  
 By all with looks of piercing scorn survey'd ;  
 By all, the themes of vague conjectures made ;  
 They move slow on, mechanically nice,  
 Mince ev'ry step, and creep along like *mice* !!!  
 With them no man is ever seen to walk ;  
 With them no woman ever heard to talk :  
 To be *notorious* is their only joy ;  
 No other schemes of bliss their thoughts employ ;  
 And they have gain'd that wish, so fondly priz'd ;  
 Are seen by all, but seen to be despis'd.

There are, who form the counterpart to these,  
 Alike notorious, but still known to please ;

For who with brow in scornful wrinkles curl'd  
Can view the figure "*that enchants the world?*"  
Whose wanton form a nice design displays,  
Holds a fond lure, and courts the public gaze.

Ye beauteous nymphs, whose (*unveil'd*)\* bosoms  
teem

With many a tender thought of self-esteem,  
Ye seem with conscious dignity inspir'd,  
And feel how much ye ought to be admir'd;  
The garb of naked innocence † ye boast,  
"*And are when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.*"  
What! shall our brides be only clad with cloud?  
Shall a thin linen air their bosoms shroud? ‡

\* *Unveil'd bosoms.*] "Fie on't! O fie!"—" 'tis a  
custom more honor'd in the breach than the observance."  
*Hamlet.*

† *Naked innocence.*] "Cois, tibi pene videre est, ut  
nudam:" We saw our Godiva's as it were naked.—  
*Horace.*

‡ "*Æquum est induere nuptam ventum textilem?  
Palam prostare nudam in nebula linea?*"  
*Publius Syrus.*

What ! shall our women get to such a pass,  
 To shew their limbs thro' " petticoats of glass ?"  
 Had the chaste guardian of the sex beheld  
 His delicate prescriptions thus rebell'd,  
 Shock'd past all bearing at a sight so coarse,  
 His lion would have roar'd † till he was hoarse.

Ye Grecian damsels, who, with happier taste,  
 Adopt a robe more elegantly chaste,  
 Let not to dress your copies be confin'd,  
 But learn to emulate the Spartan mind.

Tell me, ye fair Godiva's, is it right  
 Thus with forbidden joys to feast our sight ?  
 What ! have ye no apologies to urge,  
 To wrench from Satire's hand the galling scourge ?  
 Nay, do not shrink ; ye merit to be whipt ;  
 Have ye not all your own fair shoulders stript ?  
 I'll pluck three tow'ring plumes (that proudly nod)  
 From your own caps, and these shall be my rod.

\* *Togas vitreas.*—*Varro.*

† *His lion would have roar'd.*—Vide the Guardian.



Yet hold, in mercy hold ! my bosom bleeds,  
 When injur'd Virtue 'plains, and Beauty pleads.  
 Let their appeals be candidly preferr'd ;  
 They sha'nt be judg'd, they sha'nt be whipt unheard.

Was there a man, with Erskine's matchless art,  
 To touch the finest springs that move the heart ;  
 Had he the splendid eloquence of Pitt,  
 A Fox's wisdom, and a Brinsley's wit ;  
 The energetic dignity of Burke,  
 A Garrow's imp-d—ce, a C—t-ny's quirk ;  
 Was all this aggregate of pow'r combin'd,  
 Stor'd in one head, and center'd in one mind,  
 That man my Chloe's advocate should be,  
 Come to this bar, and plead without a fee.

Chloe was young, with mild affections blest,  
 And nurs'd good-nature in her friendly breast ;  
 There, a soft sympathetic kindness dwelt,  
 That glow'd to spread the pleasures which it felt ;  
 None more distinguish'd what was just and good ;  
 None what was beauteous better understood :

Chloe herself was now in bloom of youth,  
Was beauteous, and she knew that pleasing truth.

Before her bed, in fashion's gaudy taste,  
A full-length mirror was exactly plac'd :  
There the gay beauty stood, with wanton grace  
Call'd all the laughing dimples to her face,  
Gaz'd, ogled, languish'd, tost her head on high,  
And shot love's lightning from her beaming eye.  
She mov'd, and then each lovely floating limb  
Appear'd in liquid elegance to swim ;  
Exquisite art refin'd each step she trod,  
And affectation labor'd ev'ry nod.

" O why, alas! (with fond regret she cry'd)  
Why am I doom'd this beauteous form to hide?  
Could Nature give this beauty to be hid?  
A thousand arguments such thoughts forbid.  
I feel a happiness in being fair,  
And all who choose that happiness shall share."  
Her vow with joy the list'ning graces heard,  
And Chloe faithfully has kept her word.

Then who shall dare to blame that kind intent,  
 So fondly urg'd, so generously meant ?  
*O yes !* proclaim it to the world at large,  
 Chloe is tried, acquitted of her charge ;  
 Her conduct, like her form, is free from blame,  
 “ *For true self-love, and social is the same.*”

But now, in kind compassion to the fair,  
 A list of all their *hobbies* I forbear ;  
 Else we might here our first design prolong,  
 Spin the long text, and amplify the song ;  
 Else I could sing of many a foolish freak,  
 The well-feign'd swoon, the shrill *endemic* shriek,  
 That strange aversion, that peculiar fright  
 Which *English* spiders, frogs, and toads, excite ;  
 Of swindling rouge, that most egregious cheat,  
 That squares the visage to the heart's deceit ; †  
 Jilting, and flattery : nay, worse things than those ;  
 Things useless, senseless, *pretty* things, called Beaux.  
 But why should I of these defects complain,  
 Condemn'd so much, but still condemn'd in vain.

† “ *C'est dans ton cœur qu'est le fard de ton visage.*”

To sing their praise a worthier choice I deem,  
 A more inviting and delightful theme :  
 Would I might here my fondest wish embrace,  
 A perfect female character to trace,  
 Belinda's worth should animate my lays,  
 My song should grow enamour'd of her praise,  
 Her taste congenial graces should indite,  
 Her eloquence instruct me how to write,  
 Till with the syren magic of her tongue,  
 And her own elegance, her worth I sung ;  
 But here th' equestrian Muse that boon denies,  
 And to the glowing wish her curb applies.

END OF PART I.



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# HOBBY HORSES.

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## PART II.

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THE lawless despot, red with Eastern crimes,  
Th' aspiring monster of *ambition* climbs:  
War in his train, contagion in his breath,  
He hunts for plunder in the fields of death.  
From Europe first this fiendlike fury sprung,  
(When War's curs'd serpent Nature's bosom stung)  
Invading Strength weak Innocence assail'd,  
And lust of gold o'er ev'ry right prevail'd:  
Ev'n those who once an honest commerce fought,  
The dire contagion of ambition caught,

Grim War's destructive thunders madly hurl'd,  
And spread wide desolation thro' the world.

What shall we say to that atrocious guilt,  
Which riots in the blood Ambition spilt !

What ! to that wretch who chews cool Murder's cud,  
Whose pen's a poignard, and whose ink is blood !  
Who with ingenious guilt compiles his notes,  
And with one sentence cuts ten thousand throats ?  
Who shall the malice of these fiends restrain ?

Tears, imprecations, threats, and prayers, are vain !

But let us hope that happier times are near ;  
War soon shall vanish, Peace shall all endear,  
To ev'ry realm direct her gentle dove,  
And join all nations in a band of love \*.

\* Many, I fear, there are, who will think this prophecy deduced from the oracles of that modern sybil, Mr. Brothers.—Others there are who will perhaps conceive, that this hypothesis, with its attendant apostrophe, would have been more judiciously arranged under the subsequent article of *Illusion*.

Lost are the shrinking views of narrow minds :  
 Expanding sense a liberal focus finds ;  
 Th' infatuate reign of Bigotry is o'er,  
 And Superstition sways the world no more.

O hail, thou blest anticipated day !  
 Gild my young Muse with one enlightened ray :  
 So shall thy light each intellect refine,  
 Burn in each thought, and glow thro' ev'ry line.  
 Hail, happy dawn ! thy glorious sun shall rise,  
 Beam on the dreary night of polar skies ;  
 Chase the thick mists of ignorance away,  
 And on the darkest mind emit full day.  
 At thy approach Injustice shall retreat,  
*Astræa* shall resume her long-lost seat,  
 The reign of red-arm'd Tyranny be past,  
 Oppression cease, and Discord breathe her last ;  
 No more shall men with hate their brethren greet ;  
 No more the slave shall kiss his master's feet ;  
 No more with speechless patience crouching bear  
 The chains that gall him, and the whips that tear ;

No more the wretch, despondent in his grief,  
Crawl to a vault, and die without relief.

O God of boundless mercy ! hear this pray'r !  
Open our hearts, a brother's pains to share ;  
Let not in selfish cares our wishes close,  
But give us souls to feel for others' woes !  
So never more mine eyes this sight shall greet,  
A man left starving in the public street !  
Was this a time to want for food and clothes,  
When on his faded cheek the big tear froze ?  
Yet I beheld him stript of his last rags,  
Stretch'd on a cold, damp vault's uncover'd flags,  
No generous friend, no kind supporter nigh,  
" Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die \*."

\* This is a scene which I absolutely witnessed but a few weeks back. Nor has it borrowed any circumstance or color from poetic fictions. Under the door-steps which lead into the Circus Coffee-house, St. George's Fields, there is a small vaulted recess, to which I was attracted by the calls of two children, who told me that a man was dying. I went down to the vault, where I beheld



Ah ! who can tell what pow'rs that mind possess'd,  
 What flames of lambent genius warm'd his breast !  
 Perhaps a man in ev'ry gift profuse,  
 " Of noble sentiments, exalted views,  
 Of curious observation, deep research ;  
 One whose pure morals might have propp'd the  
 church :

beheld a poor wretch lying in the agonies of death, stretched on the bare stones, without so much as even a bundle of straw beneath him ; he had on him no covering whatever ; while his whole clothing consisted only in the ancles of two worsted stockings, and an old ragged waistcoat which, being destitute of buttons, was of no use, and left his body naked.—In this situation I beheld a *human being !!!*—I have not exaggerated one single circumstance of his distress ; indeed it is not in my power to do so, for his wretchedness was too great to admit of any augmentation.—He was at last removed (in all appearance dead) to an adjacent workhouse. I have been unable to obtain any certain information concerning this unhappy creature ; but I am flattered in thinking, that I may, perhaps, hereby be able to promote the institution of enquiries that may tend to explain how, in this Christian country, it could ever happen, that any human creature was allowed to sink beneath the weight of such accumulated miseries.

One on the music of whose fluent tongue  
 Convincing truth and soft persuasion hung ;  
 One whose fine sense of delicacy taught  
 Graces beyond the reach of Stanhope's thought ;  
 One who could yield to laws their best support,  
 Have polish'd states, and civiliz'd a court \*."

\* My readers will discover that in this passage I have vainly tried to paraphrase that fine sketch of character which the venerable Johnson gives us, in his life of Savage.—A piece of biography, composed with that enthusiastic friendly ardor, that glowing energy of sensibility ; that manly dignity of sentiment and classic elegance of language, which has long secured it universal admiration, and left it without parallel.

I shall here subjoin that lucid, well condensed and finely modulated paragraph, to which I have alluded.

And indeed it will be necessary—as those who never saw the original, could form no just idea of its beauty, from the imperfect effort of so humble a translation. After relating the necessitous and adventitious manner in which Savage had been long accustomed to exist, he turns to these reflections.

" In this manner were passed those days and those nights which nature had enabled him to have employed  
 in

Was there a wretch so lost to honest worth,  
 To deem such fights a spectacle of mirth?  
 There was!—one monster, dead to all remorse,  
 Smil'd o'er the scene, and mock'd the naked corse!  
 I heard the brute recite his horrid joke;  
 I heard him, and I thought a demon spoke.  
 What time a sailor stood, with downcast look,  
 His manly limbs a fine emotion shook;  
 His eyes no more their ardent splendor kept,  
 But from two sacred streams profusely wept.—  
 O weep no more! for man shall learn to feel,  
 No more in vain the suppliant wretch shall kneel;

in elevated speculations, useful studies, or pleasing conversation.

“On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glass-house, among thieves and beggars, was to be found the Author of the *Wanderer*, the man of exalted sentiments, extensive views, and curious observations; the man whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose idea of virtue might have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence might have influenced senates, and whose delicacy might have polished courts.” *Life of Savage.*

No more shall man, with worthless fears perplex'd,  
 Hide the fine agonies which rend his breast ;  
 No more with blushes meet the proud man's jeer,  
 Strive with a sigh, and struggle with a tear.  
 Pride shall suppress the soul-sick sigh, no more,  
 The voice shall falter, and the eye shall pour,  
 The heart responsive vibrate to the soul,  
 Bleed unconfin'd, and throb without control.  
 O blest exalted change, to ev'ry land  
 Thy consecrated influence expand,  
 To ev'ry race thy conq'ring force impart,  
 Dilate the soul, and elevate the heart.

There is a wretch, the business of whose life  
 Is one continu'd scene of mortal strife.  
 He rides *Revenge*, and clinging to his mane  
 Plies the keen spur, and drops the flowing rein.  
 Deaf to the voice of peace, he scorns the friend  
 Who prompts him to concede some just amend,  
 His pistols, his apologies afford,  
 He writes his explanation with his sword.



Who would suppose a man like this *could write* ?

Yet is no dancing master more polite,

His letter, worded with a scholar's pains,

Requests permission to blow out my brains :

Begs I'll not quarrel with his little whim,

*The colour of my coat displeases him.*

" At six o'clock I hope to take my ground,

" *Till then, Dear Sir, I'm yours in duty bound †,*"

While I return to him, this friendly note,

" I'll have the pleasure, Sir, to cut your throat,

To-morrow in the saw-pit we shall meet

Till when, I with submission kiss your feet."

Thy sons hauteur, with affectation ride

The snorting stiff-knee'd stalking horse of *Pride*.

Look down with scorn, pale Famine, at thy nags

Lean with necessity, and clad with rags ;

Deride the wants, thy wretched grooms endure,

And mock the sacred sorrows of the poor.

† Bagatelle. *Poor Soldier.*

But mild *Compassion*, *Charity* directs  
 To soothe the wretch whom affluence neglects,  
 And with a voice, to consolation tun'd,  
 Applies a healing balm to ev'ry wound.

O thou, by whose humane benignant breast  
 All the soft social virtues are caress'd ;  
 (That breast, the seat of unassuming worth,  
 Complacent ease, and inoffensive mirth ;)   
 O thou, my Dickinson, whose active zeal  
 Stirs in the noble cause of human weal !  
 Thou bring'st not with thee to the sick man's bed  
 A luke-warm charity, and "*clay-cold head.*"  
 At once to all his cares thy thoughts extend :—  
 Thou com'st unsought—a *voluntary friend*,  
 From him no wants, can unregarded fall,  
 Anticipating bounty fills them all ;  
 Thou wait'st not first, some moving tale to hear ;  
 Thy purpose wants no whetting with a tear ;  
 Thy pity is not wrought by slow degrees,  
 By uplift wringing hands, and bended knees ;

It seeks not first to hear with pain reveal'd,  
 Those wants which decent pride would keep conceal'd.  
 Ah no ! thy charities are all compleat,  
 No wretch supinely falling at thy feet  
 Urges in vain the story of his grief,  
 Retires refus'd, and dies without relief.

Son of Benevolence to thee I raise  
 This heart-felt hymn of pure unvenal praise,  
 Which unambitious hopes no better fame,  
 Than thus with gratitude to greet thy name.

Some shrewd designing knaves, with specious air,  
 Rein in *Hypocrisy*, a subtle mare.  
 Gentle and smooth her artful paces seem,  
 She trots *regard*, and *canters* pure *esteem*.  
 Fly this grave cheat, or you'll repent too late,  
 For should you on her pillion trust your weight,  
 With headlong speed to ev'ry vice she'll run,  
 And seek that ruin she profess'd to shun.

There is a horse of rough but equal trot,  
 Of pure unsullied white without one spot ;

Right sure of foot, in size a very runt,  
 His name *Sincerity*, and bred by *Blunt*.  
 Fear not on him to give your bones a jolt,  
 'Tis a good honest, plain, well meaning colt,  
 Who tho' he sometimes may our feelings hurt,  
 Yet scorns, tho' thrown, to leave us in the dirt.

A laughter-moving Hobby next appears,  
 Stupidly aukward, mark'd with length of ears ;  
 So sensitive, so delicate, so nice,  
 That to his taste, plain dealing is a vice.  
 From him *Melitis* †, first his sheepish look,  
 And fine-spun sense of delicacy took,  
 Thence inexpressible expressions came,  
 The speech *unspeakable*, and nameless name ;  
 Blushes came home, like bonnets ready-made,  
 And modesty was dress'd in masquerade.

† *Melitis*. To some of my fair readers it will be enough to say, that *Melitis* is a man whom Homer has celebrated as being the most bashful blockhead of his age—to those whose curiosity may be so far excited, as to wish a more particular detail of his celebrity, I shall recommend the reading of a few old musty folios of Greek biography.



If you by chance with *Mauvaise Honte* should meet  
 Ambling along some unfrequented street†,  
 Play with his *Donkey's* ears, their length admire,  
 Demand his *surname* from our modest squire,  
 He'll blush deep scarlet—start three paces back,  
 And tell you he was only christen'd *Jack*.

Some turbulent Othello's vainly try  
 To curb the *green-eyed monster Jealousy*.  
 O never mount this wretched, restless beast,  
 “Not all the drowsy syrups of the east”  
 Can lull the argus of his fears, to rest :  
 —A never-ceasing vulture gnaws his breast.

But they who boast more *confidential* loves  
 Are drawn by Cytherea's faithful doves,  
 While coachman Cupid, smacks his unstrung bow,  
 And all the pow'rs of passion cry Gee-ho.

In all the mysteries of hate compleat,  
 Envy, with slanderous rancour takes his seat.

† You need never expect to meet him in Pall-Mall,  
 Bond Street, or Hyde Park : he would not ride through  
 Piccadilly for the world.

'Tis his, a skilful Jockey's part to play :  
 To jostle Merit, and to cross his way,  
 But base *Detraction* hobbles in his pace,  
 And the *Fleet* † horse of *Genius* wins the race.

The *misanthrope* torments a cynic shag,  
 A sulky, rude, ungovernable nag,  
 Each gentle bound of courtesy o'erleaps,  
 And far aloof from social pleasure keeps :  
 Steals to some lonely desert's still retreat  
 In selfish solitude his roots to eat ;  
 And as the frantic wretch in malice raves,  
 He shuns the very echo of his caves.

What are the hermit's views I here would ask,  
 Cons he from nature's works, his gloomy task ?  
 Ah no ! one selfish page is only priz'd,  
 While all her unread volumes stand despis'd.

† In the neighbourhood of Fleet-market, we have a Livery-stable which is a famous repository for horses of this class.—N. B. " *What vast ideas they must have of corn.*"

Fool! can the curse that groans in thy recess,  
 The many wrongs of injur'd worth redress?  
 Can the loud cynic laugh that shakes thy den  
 Improve the minds, and mend the hearts of men!  
 Fool! thy malignant hatred would divide  
 Each sacred knot which sympathy has tied,  
 Thou, all the works of nature wouldst unmake,  
 Dissolve all ties, and all kind compacts break.  
 Monster away! avoid all nature's sight,  
 Thine eye defiles the beam of heav'n's pure light.  
 Crawl to thy lamp illumin'd dungeon—go,  
 There thou may'st read *thy* Hobbes, and Rochfou-  
 cault,

Who gravely shall this curious fact relate\*,

"We die, because we can't avoid our fate;"

\* "Few people are well acquainted with death: it is generally submitted to through stupidity and custom, not resolution; and most men die merely because they cannot help it." *Rochfoucault's Maxims*, 87.

"Toujours philosopant tristement, toujours dégradant par vanité la nature humaine, toujours cherchant  
dans

*Men, for they cannot help it, mostly die,  
And yield thro' custom, and stupidity."*

And take this *new* French maxim, for 'twill suit  
A man who sinks himself beneath a brute.

They have decreed that when this life is o'er  
We die, we sleep, and sleeping wake no more.

No Hamlet fided with that wolf-clad sheep  
Who *dreamt* of death, and voted in his *sleep*.

*Philanthropy* comes next, a noble flead  
Of gentle carriage and of generous breed.

Wide o'er the earth his liberal rides extend,  
Man's general lover, and all Nature's friend.

Yet none e'er push'd his rides to such a length,  
None ever prov'd his inexhaustive strength,

Till Howard came, a man whose god-like mind  
Was mercy all, and goodness unconfin'd,

dans quelque vice la cause de tout ce qui le fait de bien,  
toujours d'après leur propre cœur méditant du cœur de  
l'homme.

"Jamais son triste livre ne fera goûté des bonnes  
gens." J. J. Rousseau.



Whose boundless love a boundless *practice* sought,  
 And *did* more good than all our Plato's *thought*.  
 To no small spot of native earth allied,  
 Above all influence of local pride,  
 He cried with Goldsmith's energy divine,  
 " *Creation's Heir, the world! the world is mine!*"

O thou at once the patron and the grace,  
 The friend and boast of all the human race,  
 Thou, great Cosmopolite, whose glorious name  
 Rears a new monument to British fame,  
 If verse had pow'r thy merit to recite,  
 Some grateful Bard thine Eulogy should write.

If with big meaning pregnant Fancy teem'd;  
 If o'er each thought, the light of Genius beam'd;  
 If quick Perception new ideas found,  
 And lent to verse new luxuries of sound;  
 If language with new graces was array'd,  
 More bold, more clear, and more expressive made;  
 Oh if my muse such gifted stores possess'd  
 And all those talents labour'd in my breast,

On Cyrrha's highest eminence I'd stand,  
 Snatch the sonorous harp from Pindar's hand,  
 His sacred energy thy praise should sing,  
 Swell ev'ry note, and sound from ev'ry string.  
 But what avails the sweet resounding lyre,  
 Thy deeds no aid from tuneful strains require ;  
 Thy praise is hymn'd in the remotest earth,  
 Thy Fame is universal as thy worth.

And thou too, Rumford, here our praise should  
 share

In thee all nations prove a father's care.  
 Long may thy talents move in Howard's sphere ;  
 Still in thine active virtues persevere ;  
 Still let thy plans be ardently pursu'd,  
 Thou hast a Genius for doing good.  
 There is a vicious, base, nefarious brute  
 Whose mean soul grovels to a vile pursuit.  
 His *hard-mouth'd* Horfe *Monopoly* is hight,  
 One who indignant spurns each public right.

One who exulting vaunts his prosperous cause  
And hurls a bold defiance at our laws.

Where are our *Alfreds*, they whose plain good sense  
Plann'd for our rights such bulwarks of defence?

Where are our Alfreds?—where!—but I forget  
They still are with us—yes, we have them yet.

Still in our Courts, their sacred *figures* stand,  
Swords of the Law, and guardians of the land.

O tell us Kenyon, thou the judge severe,  
Whose heart is upright and whose head is clear,  
Thou, ever jealous of a people's trust,  
Shrewd to discern, and resolutely just,  
Thou, whose fine themes of virtue far o'erreach  
The luke-warm doctrines full fed Prelates preach.  
Thou, to whose charge a sermon is annex'd  
When gaming, or when *Crim. Con.* yields a Text,  
O tell us Kenyon, thou the firm support  
And best reformer of a legal court,  
When shall the barriers of our laws impede  
*Monopoly's* bold course of uncheck'd speed?

Loose flows his wanton mane, he proudly neighs,  
 Boldly at large his giant form displays,  
 Braving our chase, his flight outstrips the wind,  
 And tardy gaited *Justice* limps behind.

Yet strange to tell, in less enlighten'd climes,  
 They find a grand prevention for such crimes.  
 When *artificial wants* assail their poor,  
 The mute's tough bow-string proves a *sov'reign* cure.  
 There with good unmixed flour the poor are fed,  
 There they get honest weight to all their bread.  
 Trust me, our wily *Turk* is no such oaf,  
 To sell his neighbour a dishonest loaf.  
 That would confirm him a most errant *cake*,  
 And his own oven would the baker bake\*.

There is a positive conceited fool,  
 Who rides on *Contradiction's* stubborn mule.

- \* It may perhaps be proper to inform some of my readers that the baking of Bakers in their own ovens, when found guilty of dealing in light bread, is a punishment assigned by Turkish policy, and one which has in some instances been actually put into full force.



From him the first rude scorn of manners sprung,  
 The lie direct dwells ever on his tongue.  
 All, this repulsive nag, with caution shun,  
 All from this public pest disgusted run.

Ah ! how unlike that horse, to whose fair form  
 Such eager crowds of fond admirers swarm ?  
 Thou meek *Civility* of aspect mild,  
 On whose auspicious birth *Good-nature* smil'd ;  
 Thou all assuasive, full of winning grace,  
 Wear'st a strong magnet in thy chearful face ;  
 To thee our *Pagets* and our *Ruffsels* press,  
 Thee, all the gentle and the good caress.

There is a fire-ey'd, proud, high mettled *Tit*,  
 Who with wild frenzy champs his frothing bit,  
 High, in curvets, his ample chest he rears,  
 Snorts, prances, trembles, foams and points his ears.  
 He scorns the curb, the spur inflames his blood,  
 He rushes on impetuous as a flood ;  
 No bounds of prudence can his wild flight stay,  
 And with his rider still he runs away,

But *Passion* soon exhausts his flagging strength,  
 His vig'rous race, is but of mod'rate length.  
 While *Malice* moves with sure and steady pace,  
 Like the slow Tortoise in the fabled race ;  
 Firm bides the purpose of his gloomy soul,  
 And with recruiting strength he seeks the goal.

There is another *Horse*, thus slow of foot,  
 Cold *Apathy*, a dull phlegmatic brute,  
 He, though you coax, or curse, or kick, or flog,  
 Still plods thro' life with one mechanic jog.  
 You might as well clap spurs into a sack,  
 As think to mend his speed, or change his track.

See where *Enthusiast* runs, a *Horse* so fleet  
 The turf scarce shews th' impression of his feet.  
 He hunts full cry—his speed still keeps him hot,  
 He never languishes into a trot.  
 With *Ignorance* by chance his breed was cross'd,  
 And in the *Mules*, the father's worth was lost.  
 In them both parents imperfections join'd,  
 Fleet as the fire, but as the mother—*blind*.

To cloister'd convents, *Bigotry* was led,  
 There *Zealot* and *Fanaticism* fed,  
 But *Superstition*, Monk-rid, stalk'd abroad,  
 Found a new *trade*, and liv'd by pious fraud.  
 —This *Horse* has had his day—his race is run—  
 They all desert him, Friar, Pope, and Nun \*.

There is a *Horse*, which now to foe and friend  
 I like an honest *dealer* must commend,  
 'Tis *Industry*—he's neither blind nor halt,  
 Sound wind and limb, and free from ev'ry fault;  
 You never see him loiter, lounge, and lurk,  
 Down *with your Money!!!* † “He's the *Horse* for  
 work.”

“ \* And many more too long,  
 Embryoes, and Idiots, Eremites, and Friars,  
 White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.”

*Milton.*

† Hic mos est ubi equos mercantur. *Horace.*  
 This is customary for those who deal in horses.

Next cometh *Idleness*, a yawning wight,  
 Uncomb'd, unshav'd, unwash'd, and half undight.  
 Only in odds he seems inclin'd to deal,  
 One glove, one shoe, one stocking down at heel;  
 He sits astride, a sluggish *Buffalo* §,  
 On either of whose horns, there sits a crow.  
 Their skrawking din in vexing past dispute,  
 Both to Sir Idle and his mud-thatch'd brute;  
 Fain from this nuisance, would our pair be free,  
 And oft Sir Idle *begs* the crows to flee.

§ I have mounted *Idleness* upon a *Buffalo*, because I believe that animal to be of all others, the most *indolent*; nor would I have the reader think that the above picture is only a playful sketch from the pencil of imagination. I have seen these animals, more than once, in the situation above described; in particular I recollect to have seen one, sleeping in a pool, with his nose just poked above the water, and a crow perched on each of his horns.

I must grant I have availed myself of some poetic privilege in the article of tail, but I beg leave to assure my friends in the city, that I have not taken the smallest liberty in the *way of horns*.



But man, nor brute, can this exertion stand,  
To give his head a shake†, or lift his hand.

The sand-flies, a shrewd, sharpening, biting crew  
Deftly find out with whom they have to do.  
And for this cause, their stings his hide assail,  
They read no bold *Scotch motto* on his tail;  
His tail ne'er deals them one vindictive stroke,  
*Omnes impuné* may his rump provoke.  
Being by chance upon a river's brink,  
He finds it lucky, for he wants to drink.

† *To give his head a shake.*] I fear I shall find many  
of my readers of a more *active* disposition; full many a  
time have the critics already shaken their heads, and full  
many a time will they continue to do so, even unto the  
end of the chapter; that is, provided they will to *Horſe*  
with us once more, and so continue on through the re-  
mainder of our journey; if not, I return them a thou-  
sand thanks for having thus far favoured me with their  
very kind, agreeable, and *profitable* company.

O ye most venerable, reverend, and sage *Barbati*,  
“ never shake your hoary locks at me.” “ *Barba reſecta*  
*mihi biſſe ſemelve fuit*,” — “ Will nothing melt you?”

He waddles in, and falls, but falling lies ;  
 He's too fatigu'd, without some rest to rise.  
 So he just pokes his nose above the stream,  
 Closes his eyes, and sleeps too sound to dream.  
 Meantime when they thus find him "fast as church,"  
 Messieurs the crows, return to their old perch,  
 (For 'tis but justice, on their parts to say  
 That frighten'd at his fall they flew away.)  
 O nature, here thy fable let me scan,  
 Is it not meant a satire upon man ?  
 Learn we no moral from the saucy crows,  
 Who on these passive animals impose ?  
 Have we not *rooks*, who from our *pigeons* breasts  
 Pluck the soft down, to feather their own nests ?

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

|| " *A Blank my Lord.*"—My readers will find a  
 few more such gaps, in subsequent passages. I must re-  
 quest

This *rook* is no such dupe in cards or love  
 To play with *kites*, when he can find a *dove*.  
 Do not our \*\*\*\*\* hunt for culls,  
 Bait hooks for gudgeons, and spread nets for gulls?

quest them to impute these to the devastation of an hungry rat, who not content with eating up the reliques of my *little farthing rusb-light*, penetrated to the interior of my trunk, and with a degree of goodly appetite and critical discernment, which does high honour to his taste, eat up the only *few* sublime and beautiful passages with which my poem was embellished. I therefore move that all deficiencies be attributed unto the said rat; fain would I have restored these brilliant passages, but to confess the truth, since my loss, I have not had a *lucid interval*, and all my endeavours to conjure up, once more, the glorious *Lux a fumo* have terminated in the production of nothing "better than the *Fumum ex fulgore*." But for the rat. "I'll do! I'll do! and I'll do!"—I'll put a trap into my trunk, it shall be baited with some sublime ideas, written, as heretofore, on a few of our old fat cooks, discarded papillotes, and if he has the impudence to come again, why then "he's dead for a ducat, dead!"

“ *Inveni Portum*” || Fatty Faro cries,

“ The T\*\*\*k *Non est inventus*,” John replies.

We shall be all their talk, their scoff, their sport,  
O stop the news ! O smother the report !

“ You might as soon impede the flight of smoke,  
As stop the progress of a green-room joke.

There with his jest each witling jackall runs,  
There bon-ton anecdotes are food for puns.

And if you yield a topic of *scan mag*,

The Devil and all *your host* their mouths won't gag.”

|| “ *Inveni portum.*”] These words are of various import ; but I shall offer only that translation, which I believe George Colman the Younger would wish attach'd unto *his* usage of the phrase ; his English of it I take to be this, “ I have driven my *bogs* unto a good market.”



\* \* \* \* \* Kenyon \* \* \* \* \*

" Justice, O royal duke, she kneeling said,

" Upon a wrong'd" (O fain would I say \*\*\*\*.)

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

As our great tragic giant, John Magog,  
Was riding his fat Hampshire *six legg'd hog*†,  
Inventing " *Shoe-string, whisker, beard and wig,*"  
And planning a costume for Godwin's pig,  
(Who having stray'd from his *own master's ground,*  
Was now *confin'd* in Mr. Colman's pound\*.)

† *Six legg'd Hog.*] And this I believe is our friend John's *Manneristic Hobby*—at least, so says George Colman the younger (in his preface to the " Iron Chest," ) who is a man of most extensive information, and moreover, a fellow of infinite jest. N.B. John was George's own Hobby once, but John happening to ride restive, George dismounted, and never means to lash him any more.

\* *Colman's pound.*] That is, to use George Colman the younger's own phrase, he found this *six-legged pig* strolling

As John was *riding* on, with serious look,  
*Croaking, like any old consumptive rook,*  
 Our *Beatrice* accosts him, cries " Good day,"  
 And smiles on him, in her enchanting way.  
 Not all her soothing, winning, witching grace,  
 Could loose the stubborn clasps that bound his face.  
 She, who might animate a face of steel!  
 Melt flint, or make a cobbler's lap-stone feel || !

strolling about a *common*, and so had him pent in his  
 " Theatric paling." Many a cruel fellow would have  
 impaled him alive upon such an occasion, but he did not  
*murder* the pig.

|| *Lap-stone feel.*] To those who have not perused the  
 preface to the Iron Chest, the foregoing passages will be  
 unintelligible, but therein they will find a key to unlock  
 the latent meaning of our phrases, for which reason I do  
 hereby most humbly petition, that they will forthwith  
 read it. I can most confidently recommend it, as a  
 piece of writing, truly original, and exquisitely ingen-  
 ious; I do likewise promise that they will be very much  
 amused

Yet, when he heard this news, he gave one grin,  
His jaw-hinge *creek'd* †, a smile unlock'd his chin,

amused by its perusal; for my part, I mean to read it  
once more, Postscript and all!!! so help me Job!!!

† *His jaw-hinge creek'd.*] There are "thirty-six  
reasons," which, when philosophically considered, all  
tend as well individually, as collectively to prove, why  
John's jaw-hinges do sometimes give a creek. Impri-  
mis, It is *entirely* owing to their being composed out of  
*Rusty Iron*. Secundo, It is *entirely* owing to his never  
keeping them well scoured. Tertio, It is *entirely* ow-  
ing to his never carrying any sweet oil in his mouth, to  
give a proper play to their articulations, &c. &c. &c.

Vid. Colman "de Re Ironica."

"We have followed this ingenious Author through  
his Treatise with great satisfaction; he appears to be a  
writer at once learned, and well-informed; and has, as  
we think, thrown considerable light upon his subject.  
If the public are of our opinion, they will not fail to pa-  
tronize his Treatise. Respecting the style, it abounds  
in a variety of beauties, and is so comprehensive as to  
reach to all *extremes*. He is sometimes clear as a  
*plane*, sometimes he is *very light*, sometimes "dark  
as

And turning to George Colman, Esq. *the younger*||,  
(Son to George Colman the older) Play Monger.

Quoth John—" a *Trunk*!—what fools! O what a  
jest!

Well! *for my part*, give ME your "*Iron Chest* \*."

as Erebus;" at times his language, like a *saw*,  
is somewhat *grating*; his wit is sometimes keener  
than a *chissel*, and it is sometimes rougher than a *file*;  
it sometimes stabs us like a fine pointed *awl*, and  
sometimes bores us like a *gimblet*; to conclude, his argu-  
ments are often very *striking*, and in general as *weighty* as  
a blow from a *sledge-hammer*, so that he seldom fails to  
*nail* the attention of his reader."

*Hatchet, Fender, and Poker*, Ironmongers sign of the  
"*Iron Chest*." N. B. Gridirons for exportation.

|| *George Colman younger.*] " I shall, were I to reach  
the patriarchal longevity of Methusaleh, continue (in  
all my dramatic publications) to subscribe myself George  
Colman *the younger*."

*Advertisement to Iron Chest.*

\* *Iron Chest*] " Soft you, a word or two before you  
go," I would say to my friend John, alias Coriolanus, alias  
Hamlet, alias Macbeth, alias Richard, alias Zanga, alias  
Othello,



There is a *horse* of most ambiguous fame,  
 Him *Scandal* rides, and *Rumour* is his name.  
 All, by their private *rules* would fix his height,  
 But though all measure, none compute it right.  
 His real shape, and aspect, they disguise,  
 Heighten his color, and increase his size.  
 Whence wits, at all their idle stories laugh,  
 And never venture to believe but half.

There is a *Mare* right difficult to guide,  
 Who, skittish as she is, we all should ride.  
 But *Reputation* is a ticklish jade,  
 Fears ev'ry noise, and starts at her own shade.

Othello, alias Penruddock, alias Octavian, alias *Sir Edward Mortimer*, alias Mr. John Kemble, that I am glad of an opportunity to acknowledge the high sense I entertain of his professional abilities; "set you down this, and say besides, that" this poor voice of humble praise is happy in uniting with the general suffrages of approbation which all the connoisseurs elect, and all the *Freeholders* of literature, have already joined to vote him.

Ye who now prefs her saddle, O stick fast,  
*Look up*, be firm, keep *upright* to the last;  
 'Ware each *false step*, bar *tripping* above all,  
 For sure disgrace attends the rider's fall.

Rakes to a gross licentious Hobby trust,  
 The selfish, sensual, jaded beast of *Lust*.

Insensate slaves! for one ignoble joy,  
 Ye the whole pleasures of a life destroy.  
 To this all crimes are innocent; to this,  
 Torture is merciful, and death is bliss!

Is there in man, tho' woman should offend,  
 No candid judge, no charitable friend?  
 Is there no mercy in his heart to hide  
 From virtue's paths the first unguarded slide?  
 Still shall her fault in his remembrance live,  
 Still shall he scorn to pity and forgive?  
 O why is this? when men their crimes repent,  
 We think them honest, and our hearts relent.  
 But women, once convicted of defect,  
 Incapable of virtue we suspect,

And from one fault, most cruelly infer,  
They still are guilty, and must always err.

Rolls there, pale mourner, down that fading cheek,  
No burning tear, thy penitence to speak?  
Could the cold lore of harlot cunning feign  
Yon full blown blushes transitory stain?  
Are those deep groans the ministers of art!  
Is it deceit that swells thy bursting heart,  
That tunes to sorrow those despairing cries,  
And shakes thy faltering voice with broken sighs?  
The curst belief malevolence inspires,  
Provoking lust, or envious hate requires.

Art thou the father who so lately press'd  
Yon drooping child with transport to thy breast?  
Yet now with scorn, inhumanly severe,  
Canst stand unmov'd her miseries to hear?  
Canst sternly stand, and horror in thine eye,  
A timely refuge to her prayers deny;  
O save her! guard her with a parent's care!  
Let not thy impious curse profane her pray'r;

Leave not thy child in infamy to sink ;  
 Wide yawns the gulph, she totters on the brink :  
 Stretch forth a helping hand, and save in time,  
 Or thine shall be her ruin ! thine the crime !  
 Bend thy proud neck, her folding arms sustain,  
 Call all the father to thy heart again ;  
 Close to thy bosom press her blushing face,  
 And seal her pardon\* with a fond embrace.

\* *Her pardon*] In what am I accountable to our Chamonts for hazarding these sentiments ? What vindication of my conduct do I owe for having ventured to advise some merciful consideration to those unhappy women who have fallen a sacrifice to inevitable systems of seduction ? There is but one class for which I intercede ; some fall, at least, comparatively innocent—such should not be deserted ; they should not be abandoned by those whose duty 'tis to succour and support them. What ! would ye expose them to want—the most seductive of all snares—the strongest provocative to vice ?—This is the door that opens to their infamy. For those who are the slaves of vicious inclination, and have fallen the dupes of mere corporeal depravity, I would not so far degrade



So shall no slanderous tongue pollute thy name,  
 That deed shall prove the guardian of thy fame.  
 Her Reputation shall sustain no blot,  
 And all her former frailty be forgot.

Pause to reflect, by what ingenious crimes  
 To guilt's foul height the vile seducer climbs;

degrade the cause of virtue and morality as to extend so broad a plea for mercy; but still they are the objects of our most sincere commiseration, and I am well persuaded that their state is not too desperate for reformation. I cannot for a moment doubt, but some wise policy might be adopted which would ultimately tend to inculcate Industry, to encourage Marriage, and to thin the ranks of Prostitution.

I observed in one of our late Magazines, a few reflections upon the subject of Seduction. The author of these I think adopts the signature of Albert. He writes with a considerable degree of energy and pathos, but he confines himself too much to declamation. He informs us that there has been an interval of fourteen years since he first wrote upon this subject. It does him honor, that he has devoted his attention to one of such importance, and I hope that in the course of such digested speculations he has

F

attained

Think by what deep designs his end he gains,  
 How much his dark dissimulation feigns ;  
 Came the base traitor like an open foe,  
 Insulted virtue with disdain would glow,  
 Her cheeks, resentful blushes should adorn,  
 And crush the ruffian's aim with silent scorn.

attained a system that reaches to somewhat more than the construction of a few well modulated periods. Let him then come forward now, and exhibit some plan which may tend to the relief of such a public grievance—for such it is—and the removal of this national calamity (leaving out all good and honourable motives) must still remain a grand political desideratum. Should he continue to pursue his contemplations on this subject, I would suggest to him two hints, which are briefly these ; first, that the *Magdalen* is a benefit erected on a very narrow basis : it is a mere idea of charity, conceived in the imagination of a Prude. I have no good opinion of that refuge from the fury of a storm, to which we must ascend by climbing up the rugged precipice of difficulty. To such repenting wretches as would gladly fly to an asylum, we should use that unrestricted phrase of mercy in our scriptures, which says, “ knock and the door shall be opened

The smiling villains come with Love's attire,  
 Full of chaste sentiment and pure desire,  
 Full of respect and modesty they seem,  
 All honor, feeling, virtue, and esteem.  
 And their inhuman purposes to gain,  
 With impious fraud the rites of marriage feign.\*

opened unto ye." This leads me to my second hint, which relates to a fit place for their reception. I conceive it would be very practicable to found some Colleges of Industry, in which employments might be allotted to those women who, forestall'd in the proper sources of their occupation, are often hurried through despair to seek in prostitution that scrap of bitter bread which barely nourishes a loathsome life—a life, sunk by the weight of infamy below the very level of a brute existence.—What are your feelings, ye, who supplant them in the exercise of those employments to which their sex alone can decently pretend? "Go, less than women, in the shape of men."

\* *The rites of Marriage feign.*] However men may differ in opinion upon the subject of seduction, and I know that thereon some indulge great latitude of thinking, still I believe all parties will consent, that when

Sad, injur'd, weeping, unprotected fair,  
 What ills, what suff'rings can with thine compare?  
 Yet to resent thy wrongs no friends appear,  
 And all thy source of vengeance is a tear.

Thou perjur'd wretch, so deeply sunk thy fame,  
 To call thee villain, were too kind a name.

seduction is accomplished by the means of a feigned marriage, it becomes a crime of the first magnitude. I do not yet believe we have one libertine so hardened in licentiousness, as to deny the truth of this position.

Admitting, for the sake of argument, that seduction is not positively criminal, when considered in *foro natura*, still, if the greatest of men and the wisest of philosophers have agreed to pay a pure obedience to certain wholesome laws and moral obligations; if the necessity of conforming to restrictions be generally felt, and from its full adoption fixes settled motives for our actions——does it not prove a relaxation of all principles, does it not argue a little and ignoble mind in him who can rebel against a law thus grown as binding to society, as if it were derived from principles of nature?

That man who has not fortitude enough to yield obedience to customs, which in themselves are virtuous and innocent,



Thou, horrid monster, who with hellish grin,  
Canst smile acceptance to the basest sin.

Yes! thou, e'en thou whose harden'd heart defies  
The keenest pang which conscious guilt supplies,

innocent, has, to say the best we can of him, a very narrow understanding.—“ Let no such man be trusted.” For me, I set him down as one, pregnant with guilt, and ripe for the worst crimes.—While moral laws exist, should they not be obeyed?—Surely, to hold them sacred are our only points of honor!

What adequate ideas can we form of magnanimity and virtue, if we remove the very tests that bring them into action.——What! are we to live amenable to no restrictions; to give the rein to all our appetites? Are we to make no sacrifices?—Let then the advocate of such a doctrine, from such designs, arrange himself a system of new policy.

But to repel our charge, the libertine will find an arduous undertaking. To vindicate his conduct, he must refute the present system of things; he must first prove the state of savage life is better and happier than that of civilized society; nor will it be enough for him to plead that such are *his* ideas, he must proceed to prove the generality

Learn to believe there is a future day,

When you the forfeit of your crimes shall pay.

nerality of such opinions. Before these, mine shall learn to fall, and I will then unite with him, in thinking that seduction is no crime.

END OF PART II.

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# HOBBY HORSES.

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## PART III.

---

AH! who art thou? by all the pow'rs of pelf,  
'Tis money-hunting *Avarice* himself.  
O what a *Roxinante* have we here,  
Out at his ribs, his very entrails peer,  
And thro' the thin transparence of his hide,  
His blood's slow current may be seen to glide.  
View the projectile edges of his rump,  
The bones seem ready thro' the skin to jump;  
His locks of hair, ten *fiddle-strings* contain,  
Three on his tail, and *seven* upon his mane.

His crack'd lips parch with an insatiate thirst,  
 His long teeth fur with red tartareous rust.  
 That he has eyes, can scarcely be averr'd,  
 So deeply in their graves they lie interr'd.  
 He thrives as *Skeleton*, his *bone* still grows,  
 Each bulging knee swells horridly globose.  
 Habitual fasts his bowels have laid waste,  
 We now but see where once a paunch was plac'd.  
 Close to his ribs the teguments incline,  
 Sink in a pit, and shrivel to the spine\*.  
 See where the monster stalks, with loathsome greed,  
 On the rank browze of church-yard weeds to feed.

\* *Sink in a pit, and shrivel to the spine*] Doubtless the critics have observed, that several of the above lines are freely translated from Ovid's *Descriptio Famis*; as they all perfectly know that passage, I shall not here transcribe it. His idea of the *ventris erat pro ventre locus*, is infinitely neat; and I feel how much injustice I have done it. I have taken the liberty to turn his "*agro lapidoso*" into a *church-yard*, which some may think a very curious *Metamorphosis*.



But of one grave he learns the grass to spare,  
For Elwes†, his best master, slumbers there.

† *For Elwes*] That Mr. Elwes was the best Horseman in this country, may perhaps be still a point unsettled by equestrian cognoscenti: but that he was the best rider of our *Hobby Horse* in question, I do not think a Horseman, or a *Footman* of them all, will venture to dispute. If there are any who have not read the life of Mr. *Elwes*, they are as yet incapable of understanding what the words *avarice* and *miser* mean; they will find however the significations of these terms well defined, and fully illustrated, by referring to the Dictionary of his actions.

In the pages of his life they will meet with curious themes for philosophical investigation; they will find a character, which when considered in its separate parts, exhibits a contradiction reason cannot reconcile, and which when it is taken as a whole, appears to hurl a bold defiance at all probability. It is scarcely possible to read the chronicle of his *extravaganzas* without breaking out into a few exclamatory *fudges*, and yet upon the whole there is a sufficient appearance of authenticity to ensure belief to the narration. Mr. Elwes was certainly one of the most surprising characters that ever existed; the  
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ingenuity

The *Glutton* keeps a gormondizing beast,  
And *whips up turtle* at my Lord May'r's feast.

But here awhile, O nature let me pause,  
In curious contemplation of thy laws.  
Fain would I learn that secret to divine,  
Which forms one plan, and governs one design.  
Lifted on Herschel's wings, I would not soar,  
Thy planetary wonders to explore ;

ingenuity of his avarice surpassed the most prolific fictions of poetical imagination.

He was a *miser* who sang like Thomson's,

“ A penny saved is a penny got,

Till he put out his fire, and starv'd his pot ;”

nay, he did more, he starved his old woman ! and would most probably have starved himself, but for the intervention of a curious providence. Who that reflects on the insatiable thirst of his accumulating avarice, can forbear to cry with Ovid,

Creverunt et opes et opum furiosa cupido :

Et cum possideant plurima, plura petunt.

“ As if encrease of appetite did grow

From what it fed on—”



Nor should my pray'rs impertinently beg,  
 To know, why *Eros hatch'd this earthly egg*.  
 'Tis this I most aspire to understand,  
 Why sports in endless change thy frolic hand?  
 O whence in men do such distinctions rise,  
 Of Mind and Body, Character and Size?  
 To some a goodly Figure you dispense,  
 To some Good-Humour, and to some Good Sense.  
 One seems a Cherubim beyond all doubt,  
 Lovely within, and elegant without:  
 To one dull clod, whose heart is barely warm'd,  
 Ill-shap'd, Illiberal, and Ill-inform'd,  
 You give a glorious talent of good-luck,  
 Smile o'er his birth, and mark him for a buck.  
 In short, thou'rt so capricious in each gift,  
 So oft the names of thy donations shift,  
 That the observance of their endless ways,  
 Proves my first source of wonder, joy, and praise!

What various meats, as various palates please,  
 From Calipash, to Leeks and toasted *Sheese*.

*Execution is planned*

One man there is, of Genius great and rare,  
This is of nature's gifts his glorious share ;  
This, of his vast atchievements, is the chief,  
—— He's *truly eminent*—in eating beef !!!

A man of mighty ox-devouring fame,  
And Mr. "*Beef-steak S—d—~~g~~*" is his name.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

So now this Hero of *immortal* gule,  
Sleeps in a church, and bellows in a school :  
In which his friends misunderstood their cards,  
They spoilt a famous *Yeoman of the Guards* !!!

Make room ye *Beef-Eaters*, and let him pass,  
Here comes *Silenus* riding on his *Afs* ||.

|| *Here comes Silenus riding on his afs*] Venerat et senior pando Silenus affello." Ovid.

That this illustrious ancient "got drunk every day and rode upon an afs," seems to be a point on which his biographers are all agreed.

Silenum dicit Bacchi nutritum, &c. semper ebrum pando affello vehi solitus."

Like Bardolph fearless in the dark he goes,  
 And tipples by the light of his own nose.  
 O thou, the boast of Bacchanalian wags !  
 With children starving, and with wife in rags !!!  
 O thou, the *Ne plus ultra* of whose wish,  
 Still terminates in drinking like a Fish.  
 How I admire thy glorious *strength of head* !  
 What ! stand three Fox-hunters ! and drink 'em  
     dead ?  
 O what a true nobility of soul !  
 —Lord of the Flask, and master of the Bowl !!!  
     The lads so jolly, and so nice the wine,  
 What matters where our wives and children dine ?  
 What matters, if they never dine at all ?  
 Our vines still bloom, our cups contain no gall ;  
 Our songs are still with classic beauties dress'd,  
 Teem with the ripe anacreontic jest ;  
 What heart is pang-struck, what reflection stings,  
 When M\*\*\*\*\* writes, and Paddy J\*\*\*\*\* sings ?

See where Terpsichore lamenting sits,  
Behold Thalia† struggling and in fits.  
Raving resentful o'er their mighty wrongs,  
Undone in music, and deflour'd in songs|| !

O for that stream, o'er whose pellucid tides,  
The Genius of Sobriety presides !  
That stream, from which, ev'n drunkards, when  
they dive,  
A pow'r of future abstinence derive.

† *Behold Thalia*] As I am to be honoured with a perusal by some learned members of the northern universities, it will be proper to vindicate the use of a word which they will think unmetrical: I know they give a long quantity to the first syllable of Thalia, which they pronounce Thālia; but in our schools we are taught a different accent, and have a good authority for our pronunciation.

“ Nostra nec erubuis sylvas habitare Thalia,”

“ Cui molle ingenium docta Thalia dedit.” *Virgil.*

|| *Deflour'd in songs*] Is it possible to depress wit and talents to a lower level than that of writing a parcel of tinkling cymbal sounding sonnets, to immortalize the joys of lust and drunkenness?



He who of water once the thought abhorr'd,  
 Drunk as an *Owl*, a *Piper*, or a *Lord* §,  
 If thrown all hot and reeking in that pool,  
 Soon felt the furnace of his nose grow cool.  
 Soon mov'd in one fair rectilinear † trudge,  
 " Firm as a Rock," and " sober as a Judge."

§ *Drunk as an Owl, a Piper, or a Lord*] I once read of a *Drinkometer* which was most ingeniously graduated; I cannot here mark all of its divisions, but this I recollect, that from an *Owl*, through a fine series of well-proportioned rises, it ascended to a *Piper*, thence, great by degrees, and gradually more, it reached to *David's sow*; and thence, still nobly mounting up, got to the top step, in the ladder of the climax, and ended in a *Lord*.

† *Rectilinear trudge*] On board ship when they are inclined to doubt the word of any man professing to be drunk, they have recourse to an experiment, which soon decides on the validity of his pretensions. If the *soi-disant* drunkard is incapable of "walking a straight plank," his reputation for veracity is firmly fixed, and he is moreover considered as one, *legally drunk*.

Then with his loving Nell, our Jobson din'd,  
 His quondam dose of Cherry Bounce declin'd,  
 Learnt at all drunken prodigals to rail,  
 And gulph'd down unmix'd water by the pail.  
 O for a draught of this *Clitorian*† *fount*,  
 The hard-rid *Swine* of *Drinking* to dismount.  
 Then should our *Farmer* cut with "*David's Sow*,"  
 And turn, like *Cincinnatus* to the *Plough*.

*Gamesters* stick boldly to the *Mane* of *Dice*,  
 A beast, begot by Av'rice upon *Vice*.  
 Yet stands no *Hobby Horse* in more repute,  
 Tag, Rag, and Bob-tail, join in this pursuit;  
 All ranks and classes canter on this jade,  
 From Rags to Velvet, Dowlafs to Brocade.  
 Nor is the fin peculiar to our clime,  
 Tho' here the *Science* soars to the sublime.

† "*Clitorio quicumque sitim de fonte levarit  
 Vina fugit gaudetque meris abstemius undis.*"

Ovid.

Here, 'tis an *Art* which *Clio might* applaud,  
At home polite, but barbarous abroad.

In rudest states prevails this love of *Play*,  
Glow in the Moor, and burns in the Malay ;  
He to the cock-pit brings his treasur'd store,  
And plays till clothes and money are no more :  
Nay, still his zeal excites him to new betts,  
On his first stake, his hut the savage sets,  
And in this trial of his fortune cast,  
Reserves his wives and children for the last.  
These stakes too prove unlucky, all run cross,  
And he sits down contented with the loss.

Here I could wish a parallel to draw,  
Squar'd to fair rules of geometric law.  
Tho' of Cochin and London long the lines,  
They meet exact, the simile still joins.

Are there not bred, in Britain's polish'd courts,  
Men who promote these execrable sports,  
Who in our cock-pits sit with coarse delight,  
Brutally pleas'd ! " blood-happy " in the fight ?

Men who in crowds come running out of breath,  
To glut their cruelty with scenes of death!!!

See where the valiant bright-plum'd warriors  
stand,

Their eyes gleam fire, their golden ruffs expand,  
They stoop, they peck, exalt the spurring heel,  
Flap the strong wing, and drive the goring steel;  
Firm in their conscious valour, crow aloud,  
And wake the barb'rous plaudits of the crowd.

"A hit! a hit!" the savage monsters cry.

"The spur went home—'tis thro', from eye to eye,  
He drops, he yields, he dies—'tis over!"—"No—  
*Duck-wing* shall rise and strike another blow."

"Done, for a thousand!"—"Guineas to your  
pounds!"

The cock gets up again, and fights three rounds.

"Guineas to crowns,—to shillings! if you like,  
*Duck-wing* shall rise again, the cock shall strike!

See, see, he's up! he takes his ground again,

Huzza! another blow! I win! I win!"



Behold, O horrible ! they now stick fast,  
Both spurs have enter'd, both have struck their last.  
They fall. Of inward wounds disgorge the flood,  
Yield life for life, and mingle blood with blood.

Thus then we find this cruel thirst of Game,  
In rude and civil bosoms burn the same.  
The same fell system either Cock-pit rules,  
Vice thrives, and Murder studies in their schools !

Thus far our simile, and still we see,  
That in all points our parallels agree.

The *Indian's savage* bett the *Briton* makes,  
Risks Cash, House, Wife, and Children on his  
stakes.—

Nay they still meet (tho' distant on the Globe)  
Each bears his loss as patient as a Job.

Here in what phrase of gaming should we talk,  
“ Should it be mark'd in charcoal or in chalk || ? ”

|| “ *Should it be mark'd in charcoal or in chalk.* ” “ *Creta  
an carbone notanda.* ” Horace.

I hold it best, with patience to endure  
 This *bone-bred* Evil, great, beyond all cure !  
 For should we rail, admonish, or lament,  
 'Twere Satire thrown away, 'twere time miss-spent;  
 Else I would reprehend this fatal vice,  
 Pronounce a keen philippic upon *Dice*—  
 And *Cards*——but hold, what scholar can resist  
 Th' instructive luxuries of *social Whist* ?  
 Be thus our reas'ning faculties employ'd,  
 And thus the converse of our friends enjoy'd !!!

So strange his figure, color, marks, and make,  
 That none can *Singularity* mistake.

His rider too, a most eccentric man,  
 One fashioned to his own peculiar plan.  
 He like no other men can act or speak,  
 In talking and in thinking quite *unique*.

The majority of voices decide in favour of *Carbo*, not  
 a white-filk-stocking of them can escape it, and *black-*  
*leg* seems the order of the day.

*Fatty Faro.*

A certain *je ne sais quoi* marks his face,  
 In all his ways an *Idiom* we trace,  
 His form, his looks, his garments are his own,  
 And like Noun Substantive he stands alone.

Death, of three worthy grooms, our Horse to  
 chouse,

Took Jeffery Dunstan, Simon, and Sam House;  
 But still left Doyley, one, in whose queer phiz,  
 The "wonder-wounded" multitude read Quiz!  
 Too jealous he this fickle clime to trust,  
 See him *in Pattens* wading thro' the *dust*,  
 Behold him o'er the *well-dried* pavement drag,  
 A huge *umbrella* in a red cloth bag.  
 See him, when others melt and broil, and fry,  
 Close button'd up, great-coated in *July* !!!  
 Spare us this roasting fight, or we're undone!  
 Thy swelt'ring dress adds fuel to the sun;  
 Yet should it not ungrateful be forgot,  
 The thought of it, in winter, keeps me hot.

Behold V\*n B\*u\*ch\*l bearded, like a Goat\*,  
 George Gaby ||, drest in *one immortal coat* ;  
 Tho' now they say, his *press* affords two suits,  
 And he wears stockings underneath his boots !!!  
 One twofold garb and figure, greets our view,  
 A *loose fish-striking* S\*\*\*h D-k-e, split in two.  
 Was that his G\*\*\*e I met on the parade?  
 No, 'twas M\*\*\*\*\*y his G\*\*\*e's shade ¶.

\* *Bearded like a goat*] " If long beards make a philosopher," good night Messieurs Socrates and Plato, for this our modern Zoilus doth *outmeasure* ye in wisdom.

|| *Gaby*] Vide memoirs of Mrs. B.

¶ *His G\*\*\*e's shade*] " Non es quod simulas." *Horace.*

" Then am I but the counterfeit of a man ?" *Falstaff.*

Miror quam longé hic imitator has suas imitationes tulerit? Credo *Hercle!* protinus *Amphitrionem* luderit inverecunde.

Credo *Hercle!*

" Serius aut citius sedem properamus ad unam;"

Credo



There are who with a rude unwelcome force,  
Obtrude their nags upon the public course.  
With selfish clamours din the weary town,  
And thunder in our ears their own renown.  
Nay, in our very teeth bold threats are hurl'd,  
“ *And Doctor Godfrey challenges the world!!!*”  
Still unresented shall his threats pass on?  
Alas! “ the day of Chivalry is gone !”  
Trust me, I think it got a knock-down blow,  
The day the Man in Armour left my Lord May'r's  
show\*.

Credo Hercle ! in rem ipsam nostræ *Alcmenæ* ipsissime nos  
fingerit.

Ha spero ut non jam dudum hætenus penetravit.

Dic mihi tu nostræ pulchræ simulacra ducissæ?

Scis ego, sum duplex, mea cara cavete puella!

Canis Latinus scriblerus pro D. H.

\* *Left my Lord-Mâyor's show*] At the time when  
that dreadful innovation was admitted in the annual  
city pageant which operated to the exclusion of the arm-  
ed knight, many a good old Cornhill gossip not only

Thou great No Cure, no Pay! great cure or *kill!*  
 Immortal essence! salutary pill!  
 Hail to the great specific which with ease,  
 Affords an equal cure to all disease.

As men of honor to the horse-pond go,  
 Not that the thief some private grudge they owe,  
 But that their love of virtue is so nice,  
 Where'er they meet it, they must punish vice.  
 In cot, in palace, church, or synagogue,  
 Stalking abroad, or slinking home *incog.*

considered it to be the last groan of expiring chivalry; but also viewed it as an omen of ill luck; from that datum they do not hesitate to cast up the nativities of our national misfortunes—great are the revolutions, say they, of these times, “ we have lost the valiant warrior who lent such dignity to our grand civic entertainments. Our twelfth-cakes, our pancakes, and our cock-flying is now on the decline.

Guy Vaux has lost his popularity, and in the nineteenth century perhaps the knowing-ones may cease to make us April Fools.

I say, as bold good men impartial strike,  
 At every rogue who merits their dislike,  
 So a good med'cine careth not one fig,  
 If the disease in point be small or big,  
 Measles, paralyfis, coughs, agues, sprains,  
 External bruises, or internal pains,  
 Chlorosis, dropfy, leprosy, or gout,  
 Ribs that have been beat in, or joints put out;  
 Plague, apoplexy, madness, scurvy, i—h||,  
 This very honest med'cine cares not which.  
 For this omnipotent specific knows,  
 That all distempers are our *mortal* foes,  
 And thinks on that account it so should fall,  
 One honorable med'cine cures them all.  
 What matters which complaint our man endures,  
 Diseases are—Diseases, Cures are—Cures.

|| I—b] “ 'Tis often as elegant to suppress as it is  
 to express a word, &c. so that suppressing the word that  
 makes the particular application, one leaves the thought  
 in a kind of ingenious ambiguity, &c.”

*Tells* [A 90] *Washing machines*  
Ye Leakes, ye Packwoods, Beethams, Brodums,  
say, *Mediam*

Ye "Gaze of fools and pageants of a day,"  
Who with self-praises bring your worth to light,  
How does it answer, do the gudgeons bite?  
Your *Hobby* gallops at a furious rate,  
Nay, the *long-winded* Horse wins ev'ry plate.  
To him the tribes of full bred racers yield,  
And thus the betts run—*Puff* against the field,  
While modest traders honestly disdain,  
These narrow crooked avenues to gain,  
Regard all public vaunts as selfish crimes,  
And sink beneath the pressure of the times.

Let not our *Politicians* be forgot,  
"Pro bono Publico" their *Hobbies* trot.  
And still as canvassing they ride along,  
"Pro Patria Populumque" is their song.  
Descant on *Freedom* to a *venal* tribe,  
And promise *Reformation* with a *bribe*.



\* \* \* \* \*

*Critics*, their learned eminence exalt,  
 On a poor wincing hard-rid jade call'd *Fault*,  
 For ev'ry *trip*, upon his shrinking hip,  
 Descends in frequent strokes the ready whip.  
 A pow'rful *curb* their hands vindictive draw,  
 One check of which can break the strongest *jaw*.  
 They *damn*, they mock, they grumble as they ride,  
 And stick their long spurs in his bleeding side\*.

\* *Mercy on me Gentlemen!* do you think I can allow ye to mount any horses of mine with such accoutrements as these? What whips and spurs are here! have ye no conscience? send me such a set of desperado looking jockies to hire a nag at any livery-stables in the kingdom, and see if we have got one dealer that would trust 'em. No no, gentlemen, people wish their horses to meet with better usage; those whips and spurs of yours are out of all reason, besides consider that some of ye are  
 very

Each poor muse militant in wrath pursue,  
 And gallop to the *Critical Review*.  
 Some to their car unite two goodly bays,  
 One *just Reproof*, the other *honest Praise* ¶.

very *heavy*, our horses would sink beneath the load with which your *weight* would saddle them, they would never be able to get on, they would be quite *laid up* for ever! Ha! there are some tho' I perceive, whose spurs are of a moderate length, whose whips are shorter, and whose wigs weigh less by several stone. Gentlemen I shall be glad to accomodate ye; I have a great variety of horses which ye are at liberty to mount immediately, I think ye have too much honesty to overwork them; recollect it is no wish of mine to impose upon you any lame unwarrantable hacknies as horses of the first quality, I am not blind to their faults; if ye think I am, " whip me from the possession of such a fault."

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetis,  
 Excerptam numero. *Horace*.

¶ *One just reproof*] " Mon ami, si chaque livre a ses bonnes et mauvaise qualités, honore au moins la vérité qui loue, aussi bien que la vérité qui blâme."

*J. J. Rousseau.*

Straight in one fair unbiass'd course they run,  
 By them no slander'd author is undone.  
 On no dull rack his tortur'd meanings broke,  
 Or made the victim of an ill-tim'd joke||.  
 Their unbought sentiments they candid write,  
 Urg'd by no private pique, or party spite ;  
 Discuss the worth of ev'ry work at large ;  
 Adduce sound argument to prove their charge ;

|| *An ill-tim'd joke.*] I have seen innumerable instances of this ingenious pleasantry which may be called the *pun-critical*. I could select an abundance of examples, in which authors have been sacrificed upon the altar of a pleasant jest : " Considering Fulmen's letter ' on the inflammatory tendency of certain measures,' to be itself a most *inflammatory* composition, we thought it prudent to commit it to the *flames*." " *Corrector's* answer to Accusator's strictures, we must *accuse* of being very *incorrect*." " A *Philologist* writes *bad grammar*, his *Greek* is *English*, and his *English* is *Greek*." " The essay on literature is too *illiterate* for our insertion." " We have received the epigram signed *Punctum*, but why did the author forget to send its point," &c. &c. &c. *Vid. Bibliotheca Hipercritica.*

*Act conscientious* in their public trust ;

And are, like Aristarchus, wise and just \*.

\* Vir bonus ac prudens versus reprehendet inertes ;  
Culpabit duros ; incompitis adlinet atrum  
Transverso calamo signum ; ambitiosa recidet  
Ornamenta ; parum claris lucem dare coget ;  
Arguet ambigue dictum ; mutanda notabit ;  
Fiet Aristarchus.

*Horace Ars. Poet.*

END OF PART III.



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# HOBBY HORSES.

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## PART IV.

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**T**HERE liv'd a Sorceress once, in elfin shape,  
From whose dire spells no fairy could escape.  
For as he gaz'd, she shot a magic glance,  
That thrall'd each sense in a luxurious trance.  
Charm'd by the fine delusions of her look,  
The wretch his former plans of life forsook.  
All cool connected thoughts indignant spurn'd,  
To airy abstract speculations turn'd;  
And wrapt in vast incalculable views,  
In solemn silent wonder stood to muse.

His roving mind grew busy to invent,  
 In one long "waking dream" his life was spent;  
 In short, he seem'd a creature of new birth,  
 Unfit for all the uses of this earth.

Such charms the Genius of *Illusion* wrought,  
 Held full dominion o'er each fairy's thought;  
 Till one dread Sylph indu'd with pow'r more fell,  
 Banish'd the sprite, and broke her magic spell.

Three fair young fairies, join'd in friendship's  
 league,

Equal in love, in marriage, and intrigue.  
 Each had an husband, ugly, old, and blind,  
 Each had a minion, handsome, young, and kind.  
 Each, when her old curmudgeon soundly slept,  
 Her punctual midnight assignation kept,  
 And while she clasp'd her grateful gallant youth,  
 He swore eternal rapture, love and truth.  
 But these fond boasts were made in early days,  
 Short-sighted is the love of elves and fays.

No fairy amoroſo could divine,  
 That love and faith, and rapture might decline;  
 None had the happy talent to foreknow,  
 The Genius of *Illuſion* was his foe.  
 Drawn by the magnet of her artful ſmiles,  
 Our fond Philanders fell into her toils;  
 And while they gaz'd on her *incanting* face,  
 The fatal metamorphoſis took place.  
 The government of Head and Heart ſoon chang'd,  
 All former plans of thinking were *derang'd*;  
 Cupid's fond garrifon was put to route,  
*Hypotheſis* march'd in, and Love march'd out,  
 All grew Philoſophers upon the ſpot,  
 And all the ſtories of their love forgot.  
 Not ſo the fond expecting love-ſick dames,  
 Their hearts ſtill glow'd with unextinguiſh'd flames;  
 And ſoftly riſing at the wonted hour,  
 They fled impatient to the midnight bow'r.  
 Each call'd her ſwain, but dreadful to relate!  
 Each tender ſtock-dove miſs'd her cooing mate.

" Where's the fond partner of my lawless fires;  
My soul's best wish, the lord of my desires?"

" Where can our loitering loves neglectful stray,  
We'll chide their faults, we'll punish their delay?"

Now pretty *Oberina* weeping says,

" Tell me, O friends, and fellow-suffering says,

Why sit we here in abject grief to weep

Those hours our slighting lovers waste in sleep?

For me, o'er mountain, muir, and dell I'll rove,

Search every bow'r, and look in ev'ry cove:

I'll scale the craggy cliff, I'll scow'r the lawn,

And ramble till I meet my perjur'd fawn."

" Sister, we will not part (*Titania* cries)

For now misfortune binds us with new ties.

With thee we'll roam o'er deserts, hills, and plains,

Nor stop till we have found our faithless swains."

She said, and at the word join'd hand in hand,

They left the bow'r, and wander'd o'er the strand,

Nor stop'd, until they reach'd the once lov'd steep,

Whose white cliffs hung irriguous o'er the deep.



" Behold (Mabinda cry'd) yon conscious chalk,  
 Once the fond motive of each moon-light walk,  
 On whose smooth album once, in happier times,  
 Our faithless Poets wrote harmonious rhimes,  
 While we the ready pencil-flint embrac'd,  
 And in warm lines our fond responses trac'd.  
 Behold yon echoing whisper-spreading caves,  
 Where once we fondly watch'd the sea's blue waves,  
 When silent o'er the sand they refluent crept,  
 And peaceful on his rock the sea-fowl slept.  
 O now no more with fond delight survey'd !  
 Scorn'd as we are ! deserted and betray'd !"  
 Here sunk the lovely fay with grief oppress'd,  
 And on the rude rock lean'd her throbbing breast,  
 Each sister shar'd her pangs, had equal fears,  
 And all lay bath'd in sympathetic tears.  
 Meantime, the bicorn moon faint twilight shed,  
 And from the bosom of the sea rose red.  
 But when her higher empire she attain'd,  
 No more the vermil blush her fair cheek stain'd,

The soft suffusion vanish'd : clearly bright  
 Shone her full blaze of depurated light ;  
 Shot o'er the quivering wave a trembling beam,  
 And in ærial silver, drest the stream.  
 Lur'd to that spot, fond fish with wanton frisk,  
 Gaz'd up, light greedy, on her splendid disk,  
 And the pleas'd dolphin, basking as he lay,  
 'Paid back, from grateful prisms, each borrow'd ray,  
     As on the rock's rude couch the rays reclin'd,  
 A distant voice came floating on the wind.  
 " O hark," Titania cries, " some woe-fraught tale,  
 Breathes a soft plaint, and murmurs in the gale,  
 Lift, lift! again the hollow dirge I heard."  
 " 'Tis the sad anthem of the midnight bird."  
 " No, 'tis the voice of some lamenting elf,  
 Some sleepless wanderer, wretched as myself."  
 " Ah, what are they who on the high cliff stand,  
 Exalt to heav'n the wonder-lifted hand ;  
 On yon bright planet fix their curious eyes,  
 And dart exploring glances through the skies ?"

“ O by this cheek’s alternate heat and cold,

’Tis them ! tis them ! our lovers I behold !”

“ Yes, by this tinkling glow’s delicious pains,

By these cold thrills that creep thro’ all my veins,

Yonder I see the partner of my fires,

My soul’s best mate, the lord of my desires.

O dry your tears, O quell those vain alarms,

Arise, and let us rush into their arms.”

Now foremost of the fays, Mabinda flies,

For on the rock her musing love she spies.

First she assumes an air of well feign’d pride,

And in these bitter terms affects to chide.

“ Tell me, thou fickle chang’ling of a night,

O whence proceeds this rude uncourteous flight,

This breach of am’rous vows, this cold neglect,

This mute disdain, this studied disrespect?”

But still unmov’d the star-struck fairy stood,

Like some well-fashioned image carv’d in wood.

In vain his suppliant mistress weeping knelt,

Her pray’rs were all unheard, her tears unfelt.

Tho' to his passive hand her lips she press'd,  
 And strain'd it to her palpitating breast.  
 She rises now, and with a voice more loud,  
 Ories, "Hear thou false wretch, insolently proud,  
 Grant this poor boon, O let it be explain'd,  
 Why I am thus deserted, thus disdain'd?"

"What rude intrusive unknown thing art thou?  
 —Some lewd wretch, faithless to the marriage vow,  
 Or sure thou would'st not leave thy lord at home,  
 O'er these lone cliffs to take a midnight roam.  
 Learn better deeds. Dost see yon glorious light,  
 Yon modest virgin planet of the night?  
 Can'st thou to her a chaste obeisance pay?  
 Can'st thou gaze stedfast on her searching ray?  
 Ha! that foul cheek, now flush'd with conscious red  
 Bespeaks thee faithless to the nuptial bed.  
 Learn to live pure, repent thee of such crimes,  
 Away, grow chaste and think of future times.  
 Perhaps thy grov'ling thoughts are all terrene,  
 Thy views all bounded to one short-liv'd scene,



But know, thy soul's existence ends not here,  
 It lives eternal in some brighter sphere.  
 Art thou the wretch to doubt that truth sublime,  
 Can'st thou not look beyond the things of time?  
 Hast thou no innate power to comprehend  
 Matter eterne, existence without end?  
 Yon blue waves *never-resting* lapse behold,  
*For there 'tis Hieroglyphically told."*  
 He ceas'd, a sextant from his mantle took,  
 And fix'd on heav'n a scrutinizing look;  
 But now Mabinda shrieks with wild despair,  
 Beats her white breast, and rends her silver hair,  
 From the white rock impatiently descends,  
 And flies for consolation to her friends;  
 When lo! each beauteous sister fay appears,  
 Like her, despairing, raving, and in tears,  
 " O sister Beldames! wherefore do ye weep?  
 Your loves all faithful to their fond vows keep.  
 But mine, all farther intercourse forswears,  
 Deaf to my love, and heedless of my pray'rs."

"Nay I have been accus'd, beshrew'd, bewarn'd,  
Insulted, pity'd, ridicul'd, and scorn'd."

"And I, with taunting moral dogma's fool'd,  
Rebuk'd and philosophically school'd,  
But to its proper source, the cause I trace,  
I read the fatal secret in his face :  
I know the charmed characters too well :  
His ev'ry look confess'd the magic spell,  
*Illusion*, thralls him in her potent chains,  
'Tis she has chang'd his heart, and turn'd his brains.

There is a Sylph of whom, when I was young,  
Full many a curious tale my grandfire sung ;  
She, for some well tim'd service that he paid,  
An offer of three wishes grateful made,  
And gave in pledge of these her promis'd boons  
Three pigmy chrystal talismanic spoons ;  
One was return'd, (for so the spirit will'd,  
In full discharge for ev'ry gift fulfill'd.  
Two boons were crav'd, the pow'r to will the third  
He as a legacy to me transferr'd.

Which now by us shall promptly be restor'd,  
And a full vengeance for our wrongs implor'd.

Now from her pouch she takes an opal box  
With sapphire hinges, and with ruby locks,  
Four diamond keys, as various tints disclose:  
One blue, one green, one violet, one rose.  
Each, in its proper lock, is gently thrust,  
And the charm'd trunk, resigns its precious trust.  
Now from its mohair bed, they cautious lift  
The Sylph's last chrystal promissory gift.  
The bowl displays nine elegant designs,  
But round the rim, are carv'd these magic lines,

When the favor you would gain,  
Storm or calm, or hail or rain,  
Day or night, or far or near,  
Breathe a groan, and weep a tear;  
Break the bowl, to three times three,  
But keep the handle whole for me.

Now in her hand, the spoon Titania takes,  
Obeys each rite, and each fine portion breaks,

When soon the soft harmonic strains are heard,  
 Of many a gold-wing'd, crimson-breasted bird,  
 On the gay pillion of whose purple sides,  
 Full many a pigmy minstrel graceful rides.  
 In thrice ten pairs, the choral Heralds fly,  
 And in sweet songs proclaim their mistress nigh.  
 The Queen Sylph comes, recumbent on the back  
 Of a large *Swan*, immaculately *black* \*.  
 Bright, of his jet plumes, shines the fatten dye;  
 A sky blue starbeam, twinkles from his eye;  
 Amber his beak, his feet of rosy red;  
 Fine curves his neck, and graceful hangs his head,  
 On which there grows a tuft of silver down,  
 Curl'd with nice art, and fashion'd to a crown,  
 He lights, when now the serenading ends,  
 And graceful from her couch, the Sylph descends.

\* *Of a large swan immaculately black*]

" Rara Avis, —————

————— Nigroque similime Cygno." *Juvenal.*



“ Ho faithy Beldame ! prithee who art thou  
 Who com’st to seek fulfilment of our vow ?  
 Speak promptly, say what wrong should be redress’d,  
 For I am bound to grant thee thy behest.”

“ O honour’d spirit (now Titania cries,)  
 Who faithful with her promise thus complies !  
 There dwells hard by, a most malignant sprite,  
 Who bears to say, a never-ceasing spite.  
 Grant me the power to break her magic chains,  
 And chase the foul fiend from these happy plains.”

She ceas’d, for now the Sylph indignant frown’d,  
 “ There is no choice for one in promise bound.  
 Behold these chrystal necromantic rings,  
 One one a *pearl*, one one a *garnet* swings.  
 Go seek the sprite, where in her bower she lies,  
 Thrice rub the ring of *garnet* o’er her eyes :  
 Then of her gold locks find the raven curl,  
 And draw it three times through the ring of *pearl*.  
 So shall the sprite her proper form obtain,  
 And thou the means of thy resentment gain.”

Yet hope no farther proof of foul reward !  
 Lewd as thou art, and faithless to thy *lord*.  
 Henceforth she cries, no pledge shall be conferr'd,  
 In no weak vow I'll plight my magic word,  
 No more on guilt like thine, foul favors heap,  
 Compell'd by oaths that I must blush to keep,  
 Nor hope ye wicked Beldames to evite,  
 The vengeance of a wrong'd and virtuous sprite;  
 Still shall each say with lawless passion burn,  
 Still love without a prospect of return,  
 A sudden bloit shall blast each youthful grace,  
 Dim ev'ry eye, and wrinkle ev'ry face.  
 No more o'er stately necks of radiant snow,  
 Those silver ringlets shall luxuriant flow;  
 No more those figures, now so well erect,  
 Those fine turn'd limbs so taperly correct,  
 Shall mock the envious critic's curious pry,  
 Faultlessly beauteous, to a rival's eye!  
 Henceforth be crooked, toothless, bald, and halt,  
 For ev'ry beauty, ye shall have a fault."

Then o'er their heads she wav'd a magic flag,  
Which turn'd each *Venus* to a loathsome *Hag*.

" Now, go adulterous dame (the Genius cry'd)  
Foul as thou art, still dup'd by thy own pride.  
Scorn'd by the very dotard miser spouse,  
Whose wealth first brib'd thy mercenary vows,  
In lewd desires thy loath'd existence waste,  
But henceforth from *necessity* live chaste."

She ends, and now obedient to her beck  
The *black Swan* prostrate bends his graceful neck:  
The busy Sylphs in fond submission crouch,  
They bear their Queen to her imperial couch:  
The feather'd bards resume their choral song,  
And serenade her as they float along.

But what can paint the wonder of the fays,  
As on their haggard forms they silent gaze.  
" Is this (at length Titania weeping cries,)  
Is this the gift that I was taught to prize,  
Is this the long anticipated boon,  
This, the donation of the magic spoon,

Thus by yon angry spirit to be storm'd,  
 To be in youth, thus frightfully transform'd?  
 Horribly foul, tho' once divinely fair,  
 Devour'd with spleen, pride, lewdness, and despair?  
 Yet still 'tis bliss, 'tis luxury to know  
 That I can wreak full vengeance on my foe,  
 She said. They seize the Queen Sylph's dear bought  
 pow'r,

And speed to the magician's charmed bower.  
 Wrapt in sweet sleep th' *illusive* sprite they find,  
 Fast to th' *electric couch* her arms they bind,  
 Then the bright garnet talisman they ply,  
 And rub it gently thrice o'er either eye.  
 Now all convuls'd the struggling Genius seems,  
 And raves thus wild in her delirious dreams.

“ Go call Cornelius, bid him doff his coat,  
 Tap a fresh cask of Gas, and launch *his boat*.  
 Thro' coral groves we'll take a morning's row,  
 Where the sweet myrtles of the *Mermaid* grow,



Where the gay sea-flowers spread their tulip dyes,  
And dead men's skulls wear jewels for their eyes.

—The foul fiend ran away with the *Balloon*,  
In which I paid my visit to the Moon ;  
What time the man o't sang in merry vein,  
Who made him ruler of the madman's brain :  
How first the *Sun* the *terrene world* gave birth,  
Then how the *Moon* was shot out of the *Earth*.

—Who says Demanaduc *can't magnetise*,  
Don't mince the matter! *tell him that he lies !!!*  
O see where Leonardus runs, o'erpower'd,  
Closely beset with spears, with darts beshower'd ;  
Fly to his aid my sylph, O take this *stone*,  
Let it be quickly in his pocket thrown,  
So shall the charm his flagging strength recruit,  
Thro' all his veins reviving vigor shoot.  
So shall his sword a goodly harvest mow,  
“ And with redoubled fury smite the foe.”

—O stop em ! stop that philosophic pair,  
One makes *my* wind, the other breathes *my* air.

'Elf, we'll promote the cause of human weal,  
 To yon dissecting sage these truths reveal.  
 Show him what use the *Renal Capsule* serves,  
 The *liquid fire* that floats along the nerves;  
 Give him the office of the *Spleen* to find,  
 And let him see the *Nidus* of the mind.

——I'll set my Sylph a task, come hither sprite,  
 Go seek from whence the Sun derives his light;  
 Then o'er *one grain of sand* perpetual sit,  
 Nor move till it is *infinitely* split.\*

Thus raves the Genius \*, while they seek her  
 lock,

Her incoherent flights the fairies mock;

\* *Thus raves the Genius*] There is a striking coincidence between some passages in *fairy history* and that of our own country—for instance, *we* had once a very curious boat, calculated for *submarine excursions*; the inventor of which was also named Cornelius, but then it cannot be denied that he had in addition to that, the surname of Drebellé, as may be seen by referring to the Annual Register for the year 1774, wherein an account is given of his invention.

Moreover

Pluck from her yellow hair the raven curl,  
 And draw it three times thro' the ring of pearl.  
 When straight the sprite her native form assumes,  
 Shap'd like a *Horse*, but wing'd with eagle plumes.

Moreover we *have had* our *Balloons*, from an usage of which many curious articles of lunar information have been acquired. Also the same idea respecting the infinite divisibility of atoms, has obtained in human metaphysics. But what I most admire is, that like us the fairies have had one Demainaduc, a fellow whose fingers were tipped with *magnets*, in the same manner that a cane is headed with ivory or amber; and who with the assistance of such a natural machinery, was capable of performing many singular adventures, such as borrowing the pain of one afflicted with the tooth-ache, the watery protuberance of the hydropic, the frenzy of the madman, and the stupidity of the idiot; all of which were fairly borrowed like any other loan, and appropriated *pro tempore* unto his own entire use; with many other very singular achievements, which may perhaps be known at some future period.

It would likewise appear that the fairies were acquainted with the properties of precious stones, although

Thus banish'd from the Elves, *Illusion* fled,  
 High pranc'd her feet, her mantling wings she  
 spread,  
 And soaring far above the *fairies* ken,  
 Fix'd her abode amongst the sons of *men*.

in that particular they fall far short of the knowledge possessed by some of the ancients, particularly Camillus Leonardus, who has indulged the world with a most valuable treatise upon that subject; wherein he doth relate many miraculous properties belonging unto precious stones, among which are the following. One hath the property of promoting cheerfulness and pleasant conversation; another enables a man "to call any spirit out of hell, and oblige him to give answers unto any questions which he may ask;" another enableeth the possessor "to be successful in all law-suits;" and another contains such military virtues, that when the possessor of it is in imminent danger of being worsted in the field of battle, although his antagonists are just upon the point of overpowering him, he is enabled to turn upon him with renovated force, so that he shall attack the foe as it were with a recruited vigor, and smite him with redoubled fury!!!



Alas, too firmly fix'd ! she still remains,  
 Still each bewitching attribute retains.  
 Too oft the fell enchanted winged *Mare*,  
 Flies to her cloud-built *castles* high in air.  
 O timely shun this fascinating cheat,  
 Let not *Illusion* lure thee to her seat.  
 Wo to the wretch on whom her spells are wrought,  
 Hope's fell narcotic poisons ev'ry thought !  
 The slave of vain anticipated joys,  
 Amus'd with idle metaphysic toys.  
 He plans his fond impracticable schemes,  
 And wastes his life in " fairy-featur'd " dreams.  
     Falsely self-judg'd, and fondly self-secure,  
 Too oft the Poet rushes to her lure ;  
 Then flows the glorious " tide of his affairs,"  
 No more the " whips and scorn of time " he bears.  
 His Printer then, with better sense indu'd,  
 No more distrustful, arrogant and rude,  
 With critic skill his author's work discerns,  
 His wit, his knowledge, and his Genius learns ;

Accepts his book with friendly complaisance !  
 And lays down sixteen *Guineas* in advance !!!  
 With this, to *Goodluck's*\* Lottery Shop he flies,  
 And bargains for a twenty thousand prize.  
 Next some great Statesman yields a firm support,  
 His private friend, his advocate at court.  
 There the *poor* Poet's cause the fond Peer pleads,  
 And nobly perseveres till he succeeds.  
 Then to the long anticipating bard,  
 He condescending pens this gen'rous card :  
 " Sir, our most gracious King the play perus'd,  
 Your language charm'd him, and your wit amus'd;  
 For now, by me, in proof that he commends,  
 Five hundred Pounds he to the author sends."  
 Not Phœbus hand, his Daphne's new form'd leaves  
 With more poetic appetite receives.

\* *Goodluck's*] For this, if I understand right, is the  
 best office to which he can apply for prizes, *so says the*  
*keeper of it*; and does it not stand to reason, that in all  
 these affairs of the lottery, *Goodluck* is the best agent in  
 whom we can confide ?

'Tis *fashion* now to read, tho' once he wrote,  
 A poor unknown "*Parnassian Sans Culotte*."  
 To him the managers a close court pay,  
 Humbly solicit him to write a Play:  
 They fix a Thousand Guineas for the price:  
 He scruples, hesitates, requires advice.  
 But yields at length, with long entreaties press'd,  
 —Back'd by my Lord's particular request.

Some interesting novel, finely plann'd,  
 Contains a Drama ready to his hand.  
 The novel soon goes *piecemeal* to rehearse,  
 Transcrib'd in bold *extempore* blank verse.  
 'Tis advertis'd, his name a full House draws;  
 'Tis acted, and is crown'd with full applause.  
 He gains the chaste encomiums of the pit,  
 A tear for pathos, and a smile for wit.

His Grub-street garret, now the Poet quits,  
 Beneath a sumptuous dome superbly fits,  
 On the most luscious meats luxurious dines,  
 Nice in his cooks, and dainty in his wines.

His wardrobe now is flock'd with costly clothes,

A *Bed's* soft down invites him to repose :

His side-board groans unequal to the plate,

A splendid chariot whirls him from his gate :

But O! far priz'd above such idle toys !

Stands the first source of reasonable joys.

A spacious hall, on whose long shelves are found,

His well pick'd books magnificently bound ;

Where one rich central shrine is seen to hold,

*What Shakspeare wrote, in Characters of Gold.*

To him each object of compassion flies,

His ample purse a prompt relief supplies.

One hour to common visitors he spares,

Three to Philosophers and Connoisseurs.

Each night in great Society he spends,

With Authors, Artists, Nobles, Wits, and Friends,

Heav'ns ! how unlike the wretch's real lot !

By friends deserted, nay by some forgot !

In vile obscurity he wastes his days,

In vain for daily bread the suppliant prays :



By no rich Patron's fostering bounty fed,  
 To no proud literary temple led;  
 By no shrewd ken his latent gifts descry'd,  
 Unknown his knowledge, and his wit untry'd;  
 Unprov'd his fluent talent to converse,  
 Unseen his drama, and unread his verse.  
 He, the last insult of dependance feels,  
 Stoops to base elcmofynary meals.  
 Nay, e'en those despicable sources fail,  
 Then see him wand'ring, haggard, famish'd, pale!  
 No roof to shelter, and no fire to warm,  
 Unhous'd, a vagrant thro' the midnight storm,  
 Trampled with scorn beneath some proud man's feet,  
 And left to perish in the public street!  
 O thou, with heav'n-born worth superior grac'd,  
 Rich, in the goodly gifts of inbred taste,  
 Sagacious, social, sensitive, humane!  
 Wise without use, benevolent in vain!  
 O shun philosophy's seducing snare,  
 Thy vow pledg'd love of sciences forswear,

No more to that insatiate mind impart  
 The breast of learning, and the food of art :  
 Leave midnight studies to the sons of health,  
 Genius to independance, wit to wealth.  
 Blunt each keen sense, each daring thought control,  
 And to a common-being shrink thy soul.  
 O think in time what dire afflictions wait,  
 What certain ills attend the *needy great* !  
 The *learned Pauper* lives, to want resign'd,  
 Distress has lawful claims upon his mind ;  
 To Disappointment's yoke his neck he bends,  
 Pain, Envy, Penury, his only friends.  
 —Ah no ! he has another friend less fell †,  
 Which many an *Otway*, many a *Lee* can tell.  
 Here let me mourn our *Rowley's* \* hapless doom,  
 Lead me, ye muses, weeping to his tomb !

† “ Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes—Death ! ” *Porteus*.

\* *Our Rowley*] “ He comes in such a questionable  
 shape,

O let me there in sad affection kneel !  
Groan o'er his grave † ! and pour forth all I feel !

Dear, high-soul'd, sensitive, unfriended boy !  
Our shame, our pride, our sadness, and our joy !  
For thee the soul-felt dirge our bards have sung :  
For thee the sweetest lyres are grateful strung :  
Each muse still sheds a consecrative tear,  
And strews her deathless laurels o'er thy bier.

shape, I'll call him Rowley !—Chatterton ! speak ; O  
ye annotators, speak, let us not burst in ignorance but  
tell."

" And mark ! I charge ye let this mystery be cleared !"

If *Chatterton* at the early age of eighteen, was in reality the author of *Rowley's* Poems, there never existed perhaps a greater prodigy of genius ; and if his merit is only to be computed by his avowed productions, his rank still rises high in the first class.

† " The grave  
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd  
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand  
Of impious violence !" *Thomson*.

" Jus est liceatque perire poetis. *Horace*.

And tho' in life (with wayward evils cross'd)  
 The well-earn'd tributes of thy worth were lost.  
 To future times thy works shall be endear'd,  
 Thy fate lamented, and thy name rever'd.

#### END OF PART IV.



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# HOBBY HORSES.

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## PART V.

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THOU Queen Musician of the tuneful throng,  
Goddeſs of Melody, and Muſe of Song,  
O come Terpſichore, in dulcet lays,  
Hymn thy own ſcience with harmonious praiſe:  
O'er all thy tranſient changes quickly bound,  
And ſpeak in all the dialects of ſound.  
Come with Arion's all expreſſing harp,  
Tenderly flat, and languiſhing ſharp,  
Solemnly grave, majeſtically ſad,  
Peacefully gay, tumultuoſly glad,

Playfully pert, contemptuously proud,

Plaintively soft, or passionately loud.

To blunt the purpose of yon blood-stain'd brute,  
Breathe the soft pray'r of thy pathetic Flute.

As pleads thy *Ashe*, when of his mellow strains,  
The dying cadence tenderly complains.

O'er each stern cheek he spreads a soft amaze :

He lends fine meaning to each vacant gaze :

Lifts ev'ry bosom with a gen'rous sigh,

And writes compassion upon ev'ry eye.

Hence be no more sepulchral sermons read,

Let *Calcott* sing a Requiem to the dead :

For in his dirge, more piously express'd,

Plains the fine sorrow of the feeling breast.

O seek the shrine that holds a brother's dust !

Go twine thy laurel round *Storace's* bust,

Our silent sorrows skilfully reveal,

And in thy music tell us all we feel.

Let *Welsh* the sweet lugubrious tribute bring,

Give him the plaintive elegy to sing :

His taste on elegance new grace bestows,  
 And pathos in his voice more tender grows.  
 The heart's warm eulogy his praise shall speak,  
 And the big tear steal silent o'er the cheek.

See our Musicians seize with skilful hand,  
 Of tuneful *steeds* a well united band,  
 All act in *Concert*, meet in one design,  
 And in the same pursuit accordant join.

To no rude hand commit the tuneful rein,  
 Let no unskilful touch such *steeds* profane.

For DRAGONETTI'S *Bass* let none dispute,  
 Give SALOMON the *Fiddle*, ASHE the *Flute*,  
 Let KRUMPHOLTZ in her *Harp* concerto sport,  
 CLEMENTI sit at the *Piano Forte*.  
 Let either PARKE the dulcet *Hautboy* tune,  
 Send HOLMES and PARKINSON to the *Bassoon*.  
 Entrust the *Vi'loncellos* to the care  
 Of LINLEY, ASHLEY, REINAGLE and WARE\*.

\* *Ware*] Young Ware, who may be justly considered  
 a musical phenomenon, as at the age of a child, he has  
 attained

Let SARGEANT swell the *Trumpet's* silver tone,  
And give the *Clarinet* to its MAHON.

I once was present at a famous race,  
Between six *Fiddles* and one *double Bass*.  
All started fair ; at first, two *Trebles* led,  
And closely at their heels a *Tenor* sped.  
Anon, the *Trebles* lost the foremost ground,  
And the swift *Tenor* far a-head was found.  
He gallop'd on, no rests he seem'd to need,  
No *bars* obstructed his victorious speed ;  
And long before their minuet was done,  
He reach'd the *Quick step*, and the sweepstake won†.  
The *natural* philosophizing crew,  
Possess a curious Hobby, called *Virtú*.

attained to the skill of a professor, and the execution of a master.

† Ha ! Ha ! keep time,  
How four sweet music is,  
When time is broke, and no proportion kept."

*Shakspeare.*



See some made happy by a marble slab,  
 A snake, a spear, a coral, or a crab,  
 A vase of Roman ware, an Indian dish,  
 A silver pheasant, or a golden fish.

Some with misguided zeal, and vicious taste,  
 In more *confined* pursuits their fortunes waste;  
 Spend all their time at virtuosi sales,  
 And know no joy but that of hoarding snails!!!

But some there are, more eminently sage,  
 Who only prize the ravages of age:  
 Adore th' Egyptian idols—*verdant* crust,  
 And *venerate* a Farthing—for its *rust*.  
 That Farthing, for whose price they chearful told  
 Full many a massy coin of *modern* gold,  
 Paid to the real maker of antiques†,  
 Who sold *twelve* customers the same *uniques*.

† *Paid to the real maker of antiques*] A few years ago there was a man who wrote in his window,

“ Antiques sold by the Maker,”

whether

One, as he hunts the rich imperial moth,  
 Treads down each flow'r, and braves the gard'ner's  
 wrath ;  
 Who, when he sees him stumbling o'er his glass,  
 First deems him mad, then "*writes him down an  
 Ass.*"

whether he trusted any thing to the "cullability" of connoisseurs ; whether he designed this as a pleasant satire on the worshippers of rust, who by the way laugh at the Persians for worshipping the sun ; whether this shop-bill was a satire on his customers or one on his own knowledge, or whether it was any thing more than a simple slip of the pen, has not been yet determined by his biographers.

Many persons however, upon the strength of this advertisement had dealings in the house, thinking it was established on the firm of *Tempus Edax Rerum*, and *Invidiosa Vertutas*, Esq. two very venerable and respectable characters.

However, a certain Irish Virtuoso soon discovered that our dealer had no connexions with such partners. After having bought a few bargains, it chanced that he one day

Remonstrates first, in language of a friend,  
 Intreats him next, and smites him in the end.  
 But his *dear* "*Emp'ror of Morocco*" caught,  
 The gard'ner's anger never costs a thought.  
 He views his prize with infinite delight,  
 Readily pays th' expences of his flight :  
 Esteems the Man of Flowers a tasteless oaf,  
 And takes his drubbing quite *en philosophe*.  
 Some seek the gloomy caverns of the mine,  
 Where the rich gems unprofitably shine,  
 And like the cynic, brooding learn'd recluse,  
 Their selfish lights, invidious refuse.

day glanc'd his eye upon a Queen Anne's farthing. The  
 monger observing what had caught the connoisseur's atten-  
 tion, recommended him to be a purchaser of the most va-  
 luable coin in this or any other kingdom ; " there never  
 were more than two of Queen Anne's farthings coined,"  
 said the monger. " Be quiet, my jewel, said the con-  
 noisseur, I know it, I know it, I know it, there never  
 were but two, and I myself have been so lucky as to  
 see a dozen of your selling."

But dragg'd to meet the sun's enamour'd gaze,  
 Broad o'er the day, they pour a gorgeous blaze;  
 Fondly illumine the bosoms of the fair,  
 Glow round their necks, and sparkle from their hair.

At beauteous objects some disgusted frown,  
 Foul, in their eyes, is fair, and fair is foul.  
 The common works of nature, they despise;  
*Monsters*, alone, are pleasing in their eyes.  
 Give them green Bears, red Lions, sky-blue Boars,  
 Snow-color'd Ravens, *milk-white Black-a-Moors*\*.  
 Shrimps without whiskers, Lobsters without claws,  
 Fishes with beaks, and Men with monstrous craws;  
 The goat, whose chin a three-fold beard adorns;  
 Goose with one central leg, and Cock with horn†,

\* *Milk-white Black-a-Moors*] To the exhibition of such an animal, the public still continues to be invited by a man who accosts every passenger with a "walk in Ladies and Gentlemen, and see the milk-white black-a-moor." Of this creature, known to naturalists by the name of the Chalcra, the curious may find some accounts in Buffon, Raynal, &c.

† *Cock with horns*] Vide Chrysal.



Gigantic oxen, bred by dwarfish cows,  
 Three-headed Elephants, and *six-legg'd Sows*;  
 Squirrels with pinions, Owls with plumed veils,  
 Swans with two necks, and *Monkeys without tails !!!*  
 With thee O C\*\*\*\*e 'twere sacrilege to pick  
 The sacred bosom of a monstrous chick.  
 Or cook, or wife, I tremble for her fate,  
 Who puts a one-ear'd rabbit on thy plate.

Long may'st thou live judicious to collect  
 Each misform'd foetus lovely from defect;  
 Long round our country fairs itinerant go,  
 Mount ev'ry cart, and rummage ev'ry show:  
 At every travelling Tea Pot † take a peep,  
 And in thy mouth the ready six-pence keep.

† *Travelling Tea Pots*] For travelling tea-pots, Vid.  
 any of the Country fairs, there also vide Mr. C. !!!

It is reported that a pick-pocket having vainly rum-  
 maged the pockets of Mr. C. for plunder, discovering  
 shortly by the *purging* of his lips, where the virtuoso  
 kept his money, and recollecting the story of the crow  
 in the fable, attempted much to get our hero into con-

There is a monster hideously rare,  
 Who in thine eyes would seem supremely fair.  
 Him, frightfullest of frights, the tasteless deem,  
 And have him hight the British Polypheme.  
 Sans mouth ! sans chin !! his eyes both join'd in one,  
 Adorn his forehead with a central sun !!!  
 —We would procure thine eyes this glorious treat,  
 But that thy friends might deem us indiscreet :  
 They fear no bounds thy rapture wou'd restrain,  
 They think that such a sight would turn thy brain !!!  
 If it accords with thy sagacious plan,  
 To keep a living *Monster* of a man ;  
 The City keeper has a famous beast,  
 Who from his den must shortly be releas'd.  
 Watch you the time when Kirby sets him free,  
 And drag him home to your *Menagerie*.

versation, thinking very justly that if he could succeed  
 in opening his lips, it would be like opening his pocket  
 or his purse : the virtuoso was however more sagacious  
 than a crow !!! he kept his money, and he held his  
 peace.

*— Kirby of Kirby*

Else to the dread of each unguarded maid,  
 "The *Monster* may resume his *stabbing* trade\*.

Once more in savage cruelties delight,  
 Remount the demon *Hobby*† of his spight;  
 Rage in his bloody bliss without control,  
 And glut the leech-like pleasure of his soul ||.

\* *Stabbing trade*] If some few years ago an historian had recorded the existence of a man whose chief delight it was to cut and maim his fellow creatures, all in cold blood! the story would have been charg'd upon his ingenuity, and set down as a monster of his own invention. We have, however, in our time had proof that such a being can exist!!! We have had men afflicted with this mangling mania, who have absolutely amused themselves with stabbing women, and maiming animals.

Much about the time that the women were thus annoyed by the Monster, another humble imitator of his cruelty was pleas'd to *divert* himself with cutting and stabbing all the cattle in the park.

† *Demon Hobby*] "He was a thing of blood whose ev'ry motion was rim'd with dying cries." *Shakspeare*.

|| *Leech-like pleasure of his soul*] "Contempti generis animal improbum, quæ delectaris bibere humanum sanguinem."



Thus the Malays with frenzied malice struck,  
 Unsheathe their fatal knives, and "Run a muck\*.  
 Rush forth all wild and foaming thro' the street,  
 And plunge a cresse in ev'ry wretch they meet.

To *Sculpture* some their fond attention turn,  
 And with a raging love of *Statues* burn.  
 Some judges vote with strength and Hercules,  
 Some for Apollo's elegance and ease.  
 Laocoon one, and one Antinous charms,  
 Some take a *sleeping Venus* to their arms.  
 Ye connoisseurs, suppress the ready smile,  
 That scorns the native science of our isle,  
 Learn to dispense with those invidious rules,  
 Which yield no merit to our British schools.  
 No more your labor'd declamations waste,  
 In stinting praises to Athenian taste.

\* *Run a muck*] There are many instances of Malays who, seized with a malicious frenzy, stab indiscriminately all who come in their way. This kind of madness is called "Running a muck." See the various accounts of the Malays, in the Histories of Asiatic Voyages, &c.



But on our artists candidly bestow  
 Those debts of praise which to their skill we owe.  
 Can *Bacon's* excellence no theme afford?  
 Think of a *Chatbam* to our love restor'd:  
 A *Pitt*, once more with veneration view'd,  
 With all his living majesty indu'd:  
 Still in each look the senator we trace,  
 Still mark the patriot, glowing in his face;  
 Still ev'ry ardent feature seems to feel,  
 " *That first paternal virtue, public zeal.*"  
 He marks the storm that gathers o'er the land,  
 Breathes a deep groan, and lifts a warning hand!  
 Who would not hang with sorrow o'er that bier,  
 Where the sad Sepoy sheds a gen'rous tear\*,  
 Pity's soft voice, with tenderness assume,  
 And call the weeping warrior from the tomb?

\* *Where the sad Sepoy sheds a gen'rous tear*] The monument of Sir Eyre Coote, by Mr. Banks. I don't know if the connoisseurs will bear me out in such a preference, but I think the figure of the Sepoy is by far the finest specimen we have of modern sculpture.

Yet vain to call——Yon centinel of grief  
 Grows to the tomb of his lamented chief.  
 Then leave the poor desponding wretch alone,  
 For grief has surely turn'd him into *stone*.

On *Painting* some perform their fav'rite flight,  
 In Raphael or in Rubens some delight.  
 Some only Titian, some Corregio like,  
 Teniers, Ostade, Cnyp, Denner, or Vandyke.

Fairest of Arts! at thy creative word,  
 A mimic animation is conferr'd;  
 Inspir'd by thee, the skilful artist warms  
 The dullest matter with the finest forms.  
 Thy grateful record from oblivion guards  
 Our *Painters*, Heroes, Patriots, and Bards.  
 Preserves the texture of the finest frame,  
 And gives to beauty an immortal fame.

Devis, when first with rapture I survey'd  
 Thy fair resemblance of a beauteous maid,  
 A stronger energy my pulses fill'd,  
 And all my bosom with emotion thrill'd.

Upon her harp, with gay indifference sung,  
Her graceful hand irresolutely hung.

—The reflux blood my pallid cheek forsook,  
Methought the strings with sweet vibration shook,  
As if their sounds would tenderly invite  
The gentle dalliance of a hand so white.

'Twas then, O Waller, thy empassion'd lays  
Sung to the lovely minstrel of thy days,  
With glowing zeal fond recollection fought,  
And all their beauties rush'd upon my thought.  
And as to Hervey I thy praise transferr'd,  
The seraph picture smil'd as if it heard.

Thus gentle Hervey shall thy graceful shape,  
Th' insatiate ravages of time escape;  
Thy elegance shall future Bards engage,  
And thy admirers live from age to age.

Yes! when invidious time shall blight thy bloom,  
When that fair form lies mould'ring in the tomb.  
(For time shall spoil those charms, for thou must  
die,

Fair as thou art! — I write it with a sigh!)



But still yon *Fawn* thy beauties shall retain,  
Smooth the white skin, and blue the chrystal vein;  
Still shall her smile intelligently gay,  
A sketch of mental character display :  
Still in each limb exist a nameless grace,  
Soul in her eye, and Genius in her face.

The *Botanist* in Flora's verdant mead,  
Appears to ride a *vegetable steed*,  
Knows of each herb the *cousins, sons, and aunts*,  
And visits all the *Families of Plants*.

In his enchanted grove, as *Darwin* woos  
The soft Erato, Ovid's Patron Muse,  
To him her Sylphs in ready songs impart,  
The secret of each love-sick lady's heart.  
The Rose-bud then, a blushing maid we think,  
The Rake, an Amaranth, a Beau, the Pink.  
While hid in flow'rs, the Gnomes with fond deceit  
A lamb-like welcome to their minstrel bleat\*.

Ye pigmy phantoms, whose ethereal forms,  
The purest fire of animation warms.

\* " And seems to bleat a vegetable lamb." Vide  
Loves of the Plants.



Ye sportive Sylphs, who from the flow'rets rise,  
 Shoot like gay meteors blazing thro' the skies;  
 Then hand in hand a gay cotillion dance,  
 And fly in circles thro' the blue expanse;  
 Then in curv'd ranks your various hues unite,  
 And ape the Arch of Iris in your flight:  
 —Ye playful Sylphs, your airy sport suspend,  
 Like dropping stars, in brilliant groupes descend;  
 Shake from your lucid wings an igneous show'r,  
 And gem the rosy wreaths of *Flora's Bow'r*,  
 There lies your *Darwin*, wrapt in fairy sleep,  
 Around his couch your wanton revels keep;  
 Inspire his visions, guard his sacred rest,  
 And hunt the haggard Night-Mare from his breast.  
 Let not yon threat'ning wasp his temple sting,  
 O shield it close with many a guardian wing.  
 Of ev'ry envious toad, the venom charm,  
 And bid yon "*Snake wind harmless*" round his arm\*.

\* A certain critic Viper not long since essayed to sting  
 the Doctor's literary reputation, but his bites have all  
 proved harmless.

Let not one Tulip of his *Garden* fade,  
 Let ev'ry Shrub an *Evergreen* be made.  
 Let all his flow'rs retain their goodly bloom,  
 Bright in their colors, rich in their perfume.  
 Still let his oak look proudly o'er the vale,  
 And stand unmov'd by Envy's hardest gale.

Sylphs on his head a tast'ly chaplet place,  
 Of fairest flow'rets, wrought with sylvan grace.  
 Where with the Marigold, the Lilac joins,  
 The Moss-Rose blushes, and the Ivy twines.  
 Let their chaste cheeks the modest Lilies droop,  
 And love-sick Am'ranths kiss them as they stoop.  
 From rich festoons, where Pinks with Daisies blend,  
 A burnish'd Palm-leaf gracefully suspend,  
 On which, with Petals of the brightest gloss,  
 In fairy characters, these lines emboss.

" The Sylphs this Monument to *Darwin* raise,  
 " The Philosophic Pope of modern days,  
 " Who, to the cultur'd beauty of his Sire,  
 " Adds Waller's elegance, and Dryden's fire,

" The full benevolence of Thomson's heart,  
 " A Spenser's fancy, and a Johnson's art."

Sylphs, ye were buried in the womb of earth,  
 When *Darwin* wak'd ye to another birth.  
 By his promethean torch of Genius warm'd,  
 Renascent at the touch, to live ye swarm'd.  
 So sleep the Chrysalis, inhale no breath,  
 But seem envelop'd in the shade of death,  
 'Till Sol a genial stimulus imparts,  
 Wakes vital heat, and animates their hearts.  
 Then the gay moth into existence springs,  
 And triumphs in the privilege of wings.

Sylphs, whose melodious strains divinely clear,  
 With magic sweetness soothe the captive ear,  
 In grateful symphonies your voices raise,  
 And chaunt loud anthems to your laureat's praise.  
 In *chymic unison* your octaves join,  
 All the soft diatones with art combine ;  
 The cadence first, with rising swells increase,  
 But in a fine diminuendo cease.



Then in grand choral peals your chords prolong,  
 Till all the Welkin vibrates to the song.  
 So shall the *Bard of Flora*, when he hears  
 Th' harmonious concert of the ravish'd spheres,  
 Learn from the dulcet music of your lyres,  
 To feel those raptures which his own inspires.

Some for their *Hobby* chuse a *Pleasure Boat*,  
 Frisk in full sail, and gallop it a-boat.  
 Neck-breaking *Sportsmen* gallop mad *Black Bet*,  
 And high bred *Courtiers* walk High *Etiquette*.  
 He moves slow on, his head majestic nods,  
 And *Ussers* whip him with their long *black rods*.

Some cloath their walls with *geographic robes*,  
 Ride on their *Charts*, and travel round their *Globes*.  
 Happy the man who with a virtuous *Wife*,  
 Serenely travels thro' each stage of life.  
 Whose Passion wakes not from the first fond dream,  
 Whose Love refines to delicate esteem.  
 No cold disgust his happiness destroys,  
 Pure all his wishes, perfect all his joys.



Happy the man, a faithful *Friend* who finds,  
 Warm'd by the social simile of minds.  
 One, by no vulgar purse-proud maxims fool'd,  
 By no ignoble, selfish motives rul'd :  
 Who can misfortune's fiery ordeal stand,  
 Stretch forth to want an ever helping hand,  
 Firm in each change, in poverty, in wealth,  
 In grief, in joy, in sickness, and in health,  
 Let him no fluctuating kindness feel,  
 No shy reserve, no ague-temper'd zeal.  
 In no cold intermitting fits be caught,  
 My soul grows sick at such a luke-warm thought !

Thou *Friendship* art the most exalted guest,  
 The noblest inmate of the human breast !  
 Thou art a jewel so divinely fair !  
 Of such incalculable worth ! so rare !  
 Nature hath none more excellent to boast,  
 Making a perfect friend, she did her most !  
 Here let us pause, 'twere tedious to describe,  
 Of Proteus whim, the *Hobby Horse* tribe,

Through all the mazes of caprice to wind,  
 And hunt the gay Cameleon of the mind.  
 There is of *Humorists* an endless race,  
 And *Mind* appears as various as *Face*\*.

But since in human action 'tis confess'd,  
 One ruling passion lords it o'er the rest,  
 It well behoves the govern'd to decide,  
 To whom the ruling sceptre they confide.

Let him who rides the *Horse* of strong *Desire*,  
 First, of some *Judge*, his character enquire.  
 If *Conscience* can return a *good* account,  
 Let him ride on——'twere vicious to dismount.  
 If *bad*——draw in the bridle of *Remorse*,  
 Dismount, and seek some better *Hobby Horse*.

\* *And Mind appears as various as Face*] Quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum Millia. *Horace*.

Quot Homines, tot sententiæ. *Ter.*

Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus.

Velle suum cuique est; nec voto vivitur uno. *Perfius*.

Nature is ever various in her frame,  
 Each has a different will—and few the same. *Dryden*.

FINIS.



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